

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps within a nameless grave,  
Where spring's luxuriant blossoms wave,  
For summer's reign is nigh.  
The solitude around his tomb  
Is beautiful as Eden's bloom  
Ere beauty learned to die.

Her fairest and most fragrant flowers  
Kind May in bright profusion showers  
Upon that lovely spot ;  
Where the sick heart and weary head  
Rest in their last dark, narrow bed,  
Forgetting and forgot.

No drooping mourners kneel beside  
That lonely grave at eventide,  
And bathe them with their tears !  
But oft the balmy dews of night  
Lave it in pity, when the light  
Of kindling stars appears.

No loved ones breathe the holy prayer,  
But nature's incense fills the air,  
And seeks the distant sky.  
Her artless hymn the song-bird sings,  
The dreamy hum of insect wings,  
Are prayers that never die.  
Chambers' Journal.

THE ANSWER OF Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS  
TO A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

Good friends, you urge my odes grow trite,  
And that of worthless station,  
Of fleeting youth and joy, I write  
With endless iteration.

But say, in mortals, base or great,  
Have you a change detected ?  
Are they, when victors, less elate,  
When vanquished, less dejected ?

Do they no more in mundane mire  
For golden garbage scramble ?  
Or, but companioned with the lyre,  
Up twisting Anio ramble ?

Hath Fortune ceased to prove a jade ?  
Hath favour waxed less fickle ?  
Hath shamed Bellona dropped her blade,  
Or Death put up his sickle ?

Doth age no longer rime the hair ?  
Finds Virtue always supper ?  
Or, when cit. rides, a knight, doth Care  
No more bestride the crupper ?

Do not the rosy hours wax pale,  
New loves old loves disherit ;  
And sleight of golden showers prevail  
'Gainst Danae's brazen turret ?

Sooth, *verbum sap.* But then, Jove knows !  
Men are not wise, but foolish ;  
Whether they scan Soracte's snows,  
Or those near Ballachulish.

Still, still they hug the bestial sty,  
And have not changed one wee bit ;  
Unpleasing truth, which "*Repeti-  
Ta decies (non) placebit.*"

Ask such to share my Sabine meal !  
And twine the parsley classic !  
For such to break the Manlius seal,  
And liberate my Massic !

A pretty tale ! Why, ken you not,  
Good friends, as lately showed I,  
In verse already you've forgot, —  
*Profanum vulgus odi ?*

Fair maid, or minister, I dine,  
Toast Rome or *Alma Venus* :  
When Lydia will not kiss my wine,  
Why, then, I ask Mæcenas.

For such and self the chords I strike  
Of wisdom, love, and scorning ;  
And if the world my themes mislike,  
Well, — gentlemen, good-morning !  
Spectator. ALFRED AUSTIN.

## SIMILITUDES.

SUBLIMELY calm — her only wish to *know* —  
In her unswerving glance nor fear nor ruth,  
Reckless how sun may shine, or storms may  
blow,  
Stands, like an adamantine statue, Truth.

See, in the kindling east that cloudlet grey,  
Touched by the dawn, a heavenly gem ap-  
pears ;  
Thus Hope floats lucent in life's early ray,  
Thus, too, or yet 'tis noon, oft falls in tears.

Full many a mimic part doth Love sustain  
And aptly act in aspect, mien, and breath ;  
But his chief characters are Grief and Pain,  
And often, too, he shows himself as Death.

O'er rugged roads doth Reason slow advance,  
Pondering each step with face to earth in-  
clined,  
Yet sometimes will he raise a longing glance,  
And list Faith's wordless promise on the  
wind.  
Spectator. J. S. D.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
WEATHER.

As it is just possible that the word weather may not convey to everybody the same idea, and that different persons may attach somewhat different meanings to it, it will perhaps be useful to begin by indicating the sense in which we are going to use it here. That sense, however, can scarcely be determined by direct definition, for, if Webster is correct in saying that a definition is "a description of a thing by its properties," it follows that it can only be applied to things which possess properties. Weather therefore can never become the subject of a definition, for its essential character is to be always changing, and, consequently, to have no fixed properties at all. When, then, we learn from another grave authority, that weather is "the state or condition of the atmosphere with respect to heat, cold, dryness, moisture, wind, rain, snow, and fogs," we may, if we are satisfied with the phrase, admit it as a general and approximate statement on the subject, but we cannot, certainly, accept it as possessing the qualities of a definition. And even as a mere statement it is incomplete, for it makes no mention of shade, sunlight, hail, dew, and rainbows, all of which are incontestably elements of weather.

But if we cannot establish a definition, we can arrive at the same end by following out a distinction. By determining the differences between weather and climate, by sorting out to each of them its own share of their seemingly somewhat intermingled rights, we shall finally attain a complete view of weather by itself.

Climate is, in the general acceptance of the word, a settled condition; while weather is the most uncertain, the most fluctuating of our surroundings. Climate rests on certain recognized bases; weather shifts about with accidents. Climate depends on distance from the equator, on height, on the formation and exposition of the soil, on the degree of purity of the atmosphere, on proximity to or distance from the sea, on the action of man through cultivation; but weather is, to a great extent at least, independent of all these influences. Weather is, essentially, the disturber of

climate; it improves it or it spoils it, from day to day; it is consequently a part of it, but a part of it as health and disease are parts of our bodies. Climate is geographically fixed, while weather is atmospherically variable; climate is a calculated quantity, while weather is an unknown one. All sorts of rules are applicable to climate, but none are applicable to weather. Climate is monarchy, weather is anarchy. Climate is a constitutional government, whose organization we see and understand; latitude and altitude are its king and queen; dryness and dampness are its two houses of parliament; animal and vegetable products are its subjects; and the isothermal lines are its newspapers; but weather is a red-hot radical republic, all excitements and uncertainties, a despiser of old rules, a hater of proprieties and order. Climate is a great stately sovereign, whose will determines the whole character of the lives and habits of his retainers, but whose rule is regular, and is therefore so little felt that it seems like liberty; but weather is a capricious, cruel tyrant, who changes his decrees each day, and who forces us, by his ever-varying whims, to remember that we are slaves. Climate is local; weather is universal. We are indifferent to climate because we are accustomed to it, but we are dependent on weather because we never know what form it will take to-morrow. Climate is the rule; weather is the exception. Climate is dignity; weather is impudence.

If these comparisons are admitted as exact, it ceases to be impossible to bestow a name on weather; there is a certain modern location which seems to have been made expressly to designate it; weather is "a girl of the period." Like that conventional young person, it is impertinent, imperious, and unguidable; like her it is often brilliant, but easily bad-tempered; like her it is sulky and gay by turns, with no avowable reason for being either; like her it dresses noisily; like her it holds its tongue lazily, or talks loud impetuously; like her it is, on the whole, a mistake. Whichever way we look at it, we find it open to objections. Socially, it is what the novels of the last generation used to call "a heartless coquette," who tempts,

stimulates, and lures, and who sets the worst possible example to her neighbours. Morally, it is both a deceiver and a spend-thrift, whose conduct would humiliate and pain its ancestors, if it had any. Intellectually, it may be described as an idiot, for its actions are the consequence of no recognizable motives whatever. And yet, with all these unmistakable defects, it exercises an all-pervading power over every fruit of nature, from man to mushrooms. Indeed, poor nature (which, by the way, as Voltaire observed, is most wrongly named, for she is in reality all art, and not nature at all) — poor nature must sometimes feel that, in creating weather, she has afflicted herself with an intolerable master, who wilfully ill-treats both her and her offspring, and spoils irascibly a good deal of her prettiest and brightest handiwork. It would, however, be altogether useless to ask her why she has been so singularly foolish as to permit weather to exist at all, for she never answers inquisitive questions of that kind; and perhaps, even, does not know what the answers are. Her ignorance, indeed, is possibly as great as that of weather itself; and, in fact, she proclaimed that it really is so when she made that remarkable confession to the curious philosopher, saying to him, "I am water, earth, fire, air, metal, mineral, stone, vegetable, animal. I feel that I have an intelligence within me; you have one too, but you cannot see it. I cannot see mine either; I feel it, but I cannot measure it. Why then do you, who are but a small part of myself, desire to know what I do not know?" Weather is in the same situation.

And now, as we have, in this way, obtained a general idea of what we mean by weather, and as we are not likely to learn much more about the hidden reason of things by pausing for a reply, we may as well go on to the technicalities of the question.

Weather includes every modification of the atmosphere by which our organs are sensibly affected. Each one of its agents is a power by itself, exerting a special action of its own upon us, but resembling all its fellows in their common characteristic of capriciousness and instability. Its in-

fluence, in some shape or other, is unceasing, for it works upon us through the air, which of all the details of creation is the one with which we are in the most intimate relation. And yet, though almost every other form of matter has become, in some manner or degree, subjected to our will, and can be directed, modified, or used by us, more or less, as we like, how we like, and when we like, the air remains mercilessly our master; it imposes itself on us, according to its own fancies only, everywhere and always, sleeping or waking. We cannot do without it, but we can in no way control it; life, heat, and sound come to us through it alone; without it we could neither hear, nor be warm, nor breathe; without it we could neither smell the flowers nor listen to the birds. Our food depends upon it, for abundance or starvation are its children. And, finally, we ourselves are materially composed of it, for we, and all the animals and vegetables around us, are in reality, as Thales wisely said, made up of condensed woven air. But yet, notwithstanding all these relationships, the atmosphere keeps us off at arm's-length and will not permit us to use it in any ways but its own. This is vexing, but nothing whatever is to be gained by losing our temper about it; it would be altogether futile to imitate Voltaire, and to scornfully call the air "a blue-and-white heap of exhalations;" that would in no way help us. It is just as well to be polite, in spite of the annoyance we may feel at the attitude of contemptuous mastery which the atmosphere assumes towards us.

It was observed just now that weather has no visible motives for its actions, and that it therefore merits to be called an idiot. But, though it has no motives, it has causes; like a bucket which goes up and down in a well, it has no will of its own, but it obeys impulses which it cannot resist. The causes are somewhat various, and are even, occasionally, conflicting; but yet they all have one common origin, they all result mainly from the fact that the atmosphere rests on a mixed floor. If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course there would be climates, but they

probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agent would be at work to upset their regularity as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land, it is the joint though separate action on the atmosphere of those two bases, which create weather; it is the counter working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behaviour; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the downpouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather and destroy the peaceful unities of climate. It is, however, not solely because the surface of the earth is a mixture of wet and dry that these incongruities arise; the varied nature and the diversified disposition of the materials of which the land part of that surface is composed, must also be taken into account; for as through their agency the distribution of heat on land is rendered most uneven, the atmosphere in contact with that land is irregularly heated also, its faculty of absorbing vapour increases or diminishes with its temperature, and, in this way, a second motive cause of weather is produced. It is, however, altogether insufficient and discourteous to make our first allusion to vapour in this casual, incidental sort of way. Vapour is the primitive form of all the visible elements of weather; it is the fountain which supplies all downfalls on to earth, whatever be the shape they take; without it there would be no clouds, no rain, no snow, no dew, no moisture of any kind at all. It is the common mother of all the race of wet, it is the embryo of all the forms which liquid can assume. It is everywhere around us; all life depends upon it; without it neither birth nor growth are possible; without it all England would be ruined to-night, for there would be no more steam. After this special homage to its merits and its value, we can now proceed with the consciousness of duty discharged.

The next thing to be observed is, that as the evaporation which supplies vapour is a process brought about by the action of the sun, which action is exercised in a

very tangled and untidy fashion, we find in its uncertainties the third great spring of weather. The power and vigour of that action depend, firstly, on the proportion of the substances of which the atmosphere is composed, — for, though the composition of air, properly so called, never varies at all, the quantity of water-vapour which may, from time to time, mix up with it in order to form the atmosphere, does vary very largely. Secondly, the nature of the action of the sun keeps on changing in each place all day long; as the earth turns round the different parts of the atmosphere receive different quantities of heat at constantly shifting angles. So that, with a perpetually varying mass of vapour to act upon, and with a perpetually varying power of action upon it, it is not strange that the working of the sun upon the atmosphere should present an amount of confusion and of family disputation, for which even the Chamber at Versailles cannot offer a parallel.

So far we can comprehend, in part at least; but we get next to a question which really is a puzzler. We have been talking about evaporation, and about vapour, and about the sun, and, taking them separately, they have not offered us much difficulty; but now we must go a step further, — we must put them all three together, and we must add to them a fourth idea, called condensation. The effect of this addition, which looks so simple in words, is to complicate the position gravely, and to lead us to a riddle which the cunningest of scientific people have hitherto been unable to solve. Under the influence of condensation the sun-made vapour which, so far, was invisible, becomes converted into a visible object called a cloud: that is to say, according to the dictionary, "into a visible mass of particles of water suspended in the atmosphere;" this object, which is cold-made, constitutes the first external manifestation of weather — it is the first obvious sign we see of it; it is the first product of that struggle between heat and cold which is the ancestor of everything else that we shall discover in weather. So far no objection can be made, for if weather is to exist at all, it is essential that it should have causes. But now comes in



the insoluble enigma. Clouds, as has just been said, are made of water, and water is eight hundred and sixteen times heavier than air; how then do clouds manage to get lifted up into the air, and to stop there comfortably, apparently without an effort, and to travel thousands of miles there, at all sorts of paces, just as if it were quite natural and proper that they should be there? Nobody can tell us. Now really it is humiliating that at the very outset of our attempt to make the acquaintance of weather, we should encounter an obstacle of this sort, which bars the door to all possibility of real intimacy. Of course wise people have tried to scramble over it; of course there have been plenty of suggestions of the peculiar reasons which enable clouds to defy what are supposed to be the laws of nature, to despise attraction, and to mock at gravitation: but not one of the explanations which have been invented is considered to be sufficient; the clouds go on swimming incomprehensibly above us, in utter disdain of a number of excellent reasons why they should do nothing of the kind. If they behaved like everything else in nature, they would never go up at all; but then, in that case, they would not be clouds. Some learned gentlemen have asserted that clouds are supported by rising currents of hot air, which push them up from below, apparently just as children blow up soap-bubbles and keep them floating as long as their breath lasts; others have considered that electricity, in some unknown fashion, contrives to hold them in their places; others, again, have urged that the water-globules of which they are formed contain "obscure internal heat," which by expansion makes them lighter than the surrounding air, converts each of them in that way into a Montgolfier balloon, and so enables them to remain suspended. We ignorant people are of course quite ready to believe any one of these interpretations, or any other, provided only the sages will tell us which one to adopt; but so long as they hold silence on the point, all we can do is to stare inquisitively at the clouds, and say within ourselves, "How on earth, now, do you manage it?"

The duties of a cloud are to supply us with water in all its summer and winter forms—that is to say, with rain, sleet, snow, hail, and fog; and to preserve us from excesses of both heat and cold by shielding us from the sun's rays when the air is too hot, or by preventing the radiation of terrestrial heat when it is too chilly. Children would, no doubt, insist on add-

ing that an additional duty of clouds is to show us which way the wind blows. In order to accomplish these different functions, clouds adopt a variety of densities and shapes, and place themselves at a variety of heights; but whatever be the altitude at which they range, or the specific gravity or the form which they may momentarily assume, they are always at work at their vocation, and, as long as they are required, are unceasingly engaged in making weather. But all of them do not disappear in "the caverns of rain;" some of them fulfil other objects than shower-making, and do not vanish in drizzle; what becomes of these others when they are done with? What is the fate, for instance, of those fleecy, dreamy, high-bred looking clouds which come and go in the still hotness of July, which softly appear and as softly disappear in the silent summer sunlight? To this, at all events, we can give an answer; those graceful "nurslings of the sky" are dissolved back again into vapour by heat: they remain water, but they once more become water invisible. Like everything else around them, it is not in their power to cease to be; invisibility is not mortality. Their story of unending life is told in Shelley's "Song of the Clouds;" their law is, "I change, but I cannot die."

Of these imperishable clouds rain is the first-born child; it may be added that it is, too, the favourite grandson of vapour. But notwithstanding its eminent position in the family, it cannot be said to be altogether a credit to its relations. Rain is incontestably possessed of some most remarkable capacities; its talents are brilliant; its influence is enormous; but the value and the merit of its qualities are lamentably diminished by the capriciousness, the wilfulness, and the disorder with which it employs them. Of course it has the excuse of having been abominably brought up, like all its kindred, and of never having had the advantage of good examples at home, for neither weather, nor vapour, nor clouds, set their younger relatives a pattern of steadiness, of dignity, or of regularity of conduct. But whoever may be to blame, the fact persists that the merits and defects of rain are so intermingled, that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Open-handed generosity and niggardly avarice; the gentlest and tenderest caresses and the fiercest blasts of temper; the most dashing and impetuous public speaking and the driest and most painful silence, are all mixed up together in this

richly endowed but wildly wayward nature.

And yet, with all its faults, rain does render us more service than the clouds it comes from, although its benefits often lose half their value by coming at the wrong time. Its distribution is as unequal as that of wealth; like money it bestows itself in excess in one direction, and does not give itself at all in another. It never rains one drop on the coast of Peru, in northern Mexico, in the African Sahara, in central Arabia, or in the Desert of Gobi; but in Patagonia it scarcely ever leaves off raining. And in quantity it is as irregular as in locality: one inch a day is a heavy fall in England; but in the Highlands of Scotland three inches are not unfrequent; and at Gibraltar thirty-three inches have fallen in twenty-six hours. If rain-gauges could be established out at sea, in the region of the equatorial Atlantic calms, it is probable that the heaviest fall would be proved to occur there; but as pluviometry is, thus far, a process which is only applicable on land, we are temporarily obliged to accept the Khasia Hills, opposite the head of the Gulf of Bengal, as the seat of the most abundant downpour that we know of, for there the rain of each twelve months attains the prodigious depth of forty-four feet. The enormity of this dampness may be appreciated by the fact that even in the west of Ireland, where the whole swing of Atlantic wet comes down eagerly on the first land it reaches, the yearly fall, in the very moistest periods, never exceeds ten feet, while in France the average is thirty inches, and in Russia only fourteen.

As rain means vegetation, and no rain means deserts, the results of these diversities glare out conspicuously; the existence of plants, and consequently of animals, depends as much on water as on temperature, so that the absence of rain necessarily entails the absence of life. And here we leap, incidentally, into the very midst of an enormous question—the relationship between history and weather. Power, commerce, wealth grew up, some thousand years ago, in certain places, and not in others, as natural results of atmospheric influences. If the shores of the eastern Mediterranean were the first seat of the world's progress, it was not because they furnished easy water-carriage, but because they were illumined by a sunny sky. The glories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome were, in reality, an affair of weather; they would have been utterly impossible in Lapland. Karnak, the Acropolis, the

Coliseum could never have been built amidst snow and ice. The disposition to work out progress beneath rough skies is essentially a modern tendency; until a few centuries ago civilization was exclusively a child of warmth.

Of course it may be said that all this is a matter of climate rather than of weather, and there is some truth in the objection; but, all the same, weather alone, weather irrespective of climate, has had a good deal to do with history. It was, most certainly, weather which produced the deluge; it was a storm which drove inhabitants to America, and another one which protected England from the Armada; it was snow which overwhelmed Napoleon in 1812; it was fog which helped Mary Stuart to escape the cruisers of Elizabeth, and to cross from France to Scotland; it was fog which enabled the Russians to get unseen up the hillside at Inkerman. All this was weather. It is weather, not governments, which keeps the world as it is; the atmosphere is infinitely more essential to us than constitutions; if weather changed its actual forms of action, we should all of us have to change too. If rain happened to disappear in Europe, Europeans would disappear with it; the green fields of England, like the vineyards of France and the great corn-grounds of the lower Danube, would dry up into shrivelled wastes; while, perhaps, the dreary plateaux of Thibet would grow into the garden of the earth. What would become of the western march of civilization in such a case as that? It really is humiliating to see that politics and power are, after all, matters of mere mud.

The behaviour of rain is a question of almost as much interest to us as its distribution. To be of real use it must come down in a certain way, neither too fast nor too slow; its drops must be neither too large nor too little; it must fit its shape to the period of the year and the needs of the soil; the driving mists of autumn, the short but heavy downfalls of July, "the sweet, fleet, silvery, April showers,"—as Lord Lytton the younger so deliciously calls them in that loveliest of poetic fables, the "Thistle,"—must all arrive in their time and place. Luckily for us, the personal manners of the rain are not, like its general conduct, exclusively a product of its own capricious temper; they are influenced, to our great advantage, by something else than winds and sunbeams. The air itself guides and graduates the falling drops; it diminishes their eager speed by its resistance; it forbids them to attain

accumulated rapidity; it shelters us by its universal buckler against a ferocity of pelting which, if left unchecked and uncontrolled, would flatten us at each shower. Even the size of the drops is not quite left to hazard; amidst so much waywardness and disorder it follows, exceptionally, a sort of rule; it depends a good deal, it is true, on the quantity of water in the cloud from which the drops emerge; but still, the rain which filters from the edges of a cloud is almost always fine and small; that which tumbles from the middle of it is usually big, because its globules have an opportunity of mixing up with those below them; while, as the dripping finishes, the drops grow smaller, because, as there are fewer of them, they find no others to incorporate with as they descend.

The services which rain renders are not limited to the earth and its products; its action is not solely exercised on plants. Part of its good work is done up above us, before it gets down to leaves and roots. It largely influences the air through which it falls; it cools and purifies it; and it seems even to be admitted as quite probable that, in certain cases, it washes away the germs of endemic and sporadic diseases. If ever we could manage to find out means for directing the weather, it is not impossible that one of the results of the invention would be to enable us to suppress atmospherically-propagated infections, and that, by a skilful use of the pail and mop on the air we breathe, we could wipe out of it the taint of a good many sorts of plague and pestilence. That pretty dream does not seem likely to be realized in our time; but it is not, perhaps, so fantastic as it appears at first sight, for, as we have found out how to master lightning, and how to lead it where we please,—how, in fact, to “inoculate thunder,”—it is not altogether ridiculous to hope that, some day, we may do the same for rain.

Fog is the second of the children of clouds; so, at least, we may fairly suppose; for, though the successive dates of birth of the offspring of the skies have not been regularly inscribed in the family Bible of nature, it really does look extremely probable that fog came upon the earth immediately after rain. Indeed there are wise men who calculate that it even preceded rain, and that it is, consequently, entitled to the position and privileges of the first-born. But, whether that be true or not, it is natural to us people of the nineteenth century to place fog second; for, whatever may have been its ex-

act rank formerly, it is certainly, in our time, a vastly less important personage than rain. The aspects of the two brothers are so different that the hypothesis of their possibly being twins is altogether inadmissible; scarcely any family likeness can be discerned between them: rain is a cloud dissolved into falling water; fog is the cloud itself come down upon the ground; it is, like rain, composed of water-globules, but those globules have not burst. And the characters of the two kinsmen are as unlike as their external appearance. Rain is a spendthrift who casts about his substance in every direction; fog is a miser who holds together all he has. Rain is invariably in motion; fog is always indolent and lazy. Rain is active, violent, and noisy; fog is stagnant, sulky, and silent. Fog is manifestly jealous of his brother—gets into his way as much as possible, and seems to try falaciously to prove that, as their common mother, cloud, can descend to earth entire in the shape of her second son, it is altogether needless for her to tumble down there in pieces under the name of the elder one. Unfortunately, however, for the pretensions of fog, it is of no kind of use to us, while its liquid relative is indispensable. It seems, indeed, to know this, for it likes particularly to stop in inaccessible places, on mountain-tops or out at sea, where scarcely any one can look at it, as if it were ashamed of its condition. It is true that it does visit us occasionally on dry land, but in a nasty hesitating sort of way, and it rarely presumes to show itself amongst us in broad daylight. Most of the other members of the family of weather—with all their faults—have some redeeming qualities: but fog is hopelessly objectionable; it is ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty.

The third child is a daughter. She floats in the winter air in the white frock that was given to her at her birth, and though she is now as old as the north wind, she has never changed her robe. Cold, still, spotless, and majestic, she seems altogether out of place amidst her coarse relations: they are a disorderly populace; she is a stately queen. Silent, frigid, and so white that her very name means purity, she stands alone—the Pallas Athene of weather. Her movements are soundless; she hushes all around her; she effaces everything she touches; all signs of life are hidden beneath the noiseless veil she spreads. Immaculate, irresistible, and eternal, she possesses an awfulness and a grandeur which are special

to herself; nature has produced no counterpart of her; and it is perhaps as well that she has no sister, for if the clouds had two unmarried daughters of her type, mankind would have hard work to get through the winters. The immensity of her power can, however, be judged only in her own chosen homes, and it is indeed well worth our while to visit them, for of all material royalties, there is not one like hers.

And yet this splendid vestal is not invariably the mighty, ruthless, immutable sovereign that we behold on the mountains and at the poles. Like all other rulers, she has her weak moments. It is saddening to have to own that so superb a princess can ever change her glorious form, but the truth is evident—she thaws! Her attributes of whiteness and eternity are, after all, mere questions of thermometer and position; they dazzle our bewildered eyes as we humbly gaze upon them on the summits of the Alps; they turn into dirty water in Pall Mall. We easily forget, when snow is sitting nobly on her throne, that the plebeian blood of rain and fog is running in her veins; but she herself, despite her majesty, is forced to own the lamentable fact as soon as she gets warm. How she must hate heat! To be glorious, brilliant, stainless snow, all grand and undefiled and beautiful, and then, because the sun shines out a little, to be obliged to vanish into puddle! What mockery of the greatnesses of this earth!

But, after all, it serves no purpose to be sentimental. If negroes have black skins, if cows have horns, while sheep have not, if tigers prefer flesh to oats, it is because those peculiarities are special to their race, and are inherited by each member of it. For the self-same reason snow is condemned to thaw; water she is, to water she returns; only it really is a pity it is not always clean.

As for the uses of snow, it would be absurd to talk about them. She is too beautiful and too loyal to be used. Let us leave her where we found her, in the air and on the crests, up there amongst the eagles; let us forget that she can melt, and that she has functions to discharge.

But what can possibly be the functions of her next brother—hail? Cutting crops to pieces and breaking panes of glass cannot seriously be called a function, and yet, what else does hail do? Indeed the presence of this creature amongst the connections of weather is decidedly an enigma. It is a child of the clouds; that

is certain; but it is a child whose birth is shrouded in mystery, for nobody has found out exactly how hail is made; and as we are equally ignorant of its uses when it is made, it really may be urged that, perhaps, it would be just as well if it were never made at all. It is manifestly the bully of the family; it never rendered a service to anybody; on the contrary, it is always doing damage in the wilfullest and most senseless fashion. And, furthermore, it is an undutiful and disrespectful son, for, as it comes down frozen into ice, it reveals to us, with the most shocking indiscretion, that it must sometimes be most horribly cold in its mother's lap, which is a distressing fact that no really affectionate, deferential son would ever consent to divulge. It has been observed twice already, that the clouds have brought up their progeniture abominably, but this one is really worse than all the rest.

There ends the list of the offspring of cloud. Dew is her little brother, not her child; for, like her, he issues direct from their common mother—the invisible vapour suspended in the atmosphere. He is, consequently, small as he is, the uncle of rain, fog, snow, and hail. He has the merit of being the one single member of the entire family whose manners are always perfect: he is a charming, laughing, bright-eyed little fellow—a blithe and sparkling morning visitor, who opens the day for us with smiles. He, like his superb niece, snow, has a name which we have adopted as an emblem: as she is purity, so he is freshness; and well indeed does he symbolize that word—for what else is fresh like dew? This baby boy of vapour is the great jeweller of nature; it is he who sprinkles her with flashing gems; it is his bright handiwork which makes the leaves and grassblades glisten in the early sun: his workmanship is indeed so brilliant that we almost doubt his origin, and have some difficulty in believing that he is really of the same rough race as weather and its brood. But the proof thereof is close at hand: he can freeze, he can become hoarfrost; and then, alas! when his drops have turned into crystals, he thaws, and disappears in dirty water, as is the habit of his lineage. Poor, little, charming dew! he does deserve a better genealogy.

Shadow and shade, too, are not the children of cloud: they are simply her pupils; she does not create them of her substance—she only forms them by her teaching and example—she passes by, and says to them, "Follow me;" and they do it.

But still they are important elements of weather; for it is they who take the place of sunbeams when the sky is grey; it is they who soften down the noontide glare—who mark the days of rain, of dulness, and of winter. It is they, again, who flicker fitfully on the hillsides and the plains—who pass in spots of undulating darkness across “the whisperous wheat” (Lord Lytton again)—who overcast the sparkling waves with deep-blue moving patches—who add to nature’s sweet variety, by playing with the light amidst her work. They constitute the one real charm of weather: it is they who give to it its colour, its wandering diversity of tone, its ever-shifting glow. The sombre, slaty gloominess of the storm-time—the whity-grey of the morning mist—the sharp, clear, marching images which mark the passage over us of the hurrying autumn clouds—the distant dimness of the coming rain—the July contrasts between hot lustre and cool calm,—all these are the doings of shadow and shade. Without them weather would be all darkness or all brilliancy, according to its passing humour: with them it becomes as variable in aspect as it is in temper, and nature gains a beauty the more.

Thunder and lightning form a strange couple by themselves; they are neither relatives nor friends of the family of cloud; they seem indeed to be barely on visiting terms with its members; for they come to see them very rarely—sometimes even not for months together: they live apart, and show themselves only on great occasions. Their precise situation in the set is rather difficult to define; but it may be said, with approximate exactness, that they are to weather what swearing is to language, what cholera is to disease, what a lion is to beasts. It is possible that they may have a use; but if so, it has not been yet discovered; for as their tremendous grandeur is out of all proportion with their ordinary effect of turning milk sour, it really cannot be reasonably supposed that they were created solely for that minutely destructive purpose. Neither can it be seriously pretended that their object is to furnish proof that mankind can easily be terrified by sudden flame and sound. So far as we can thus far perceive, they appear to be a pure expulsive, superb and violent, but, like many others of the manifestations of weather, totally incomprehensible.

And now we can begin to approach the self-constituted guardian of the entire group—the domineering master who

drives its members all about before him with a temper even more capricious than their own, but whose guidance is so absolutely indispensable to them all, that without his aid neither clouds, nor rain, nor snow, nor shadow could move one inch. What would they all do without wind? In order to completely govern them, wind assumes as many forms as colour does; and even in these days of observatories and weather-charts it is scarcely possible to establish a complete catalogue of them all. There are hot winds and cold winds, wet winds and dry winds, sea winds and land winds, permanent winds like the trades, periodical winds like the monsoons, and variable winds like those we have around us here; there are mountain winds, valley winds, and plain winds; “brave west winds,” hard north-easters and “fainting air;” and there are all the varieties of local winds special to particular districts, like the sirocco in Italy, the simoom in Arabia, the kamsin in Egypt, the harmattan in Guinea, the mistral in France, the “hot winds” in Australia, the föhn in Switzerland, the nortes in the Gulf of Mexico. But all these diversities are, in reality, alike in their origin and nature; from the lazy breath which does not lift a leaf to the hurricane which voyages twice as fast as the quickest railway-train, they are all substantially identical, for all are currents in the atmosphere.

If there were no wind, weather would be immovable; it would rise up and disappear on the same spot, according to local causes; there would be no sort of relationship or sympathy between the weathers of different districts. If there were no wind the modern science of meteorology would have no existence; for if nothing carried storms and rain in a recognized direction, and with a recognized speed, we could not be told by telegraph what will probably be the nature of the weather round our coasts to-morrow. Steam has rendered us tolerably independent of wind for navigation, but thus far the other uses of wind have not been replaced by machinery; it alone continues, amongst other of its occupations, to be the sole known means of transporting clouds about the sky.

And, in addition to its general duty as a carrier, wind has a special function to discharge in the composition of weather, for it is it, and it alone, which makes storms; it is it alone which puts weather into a real rage. Without it weather would often be sulky, gloomy, disagreeable, but it would never be ferocious. Hurricanes,

cyclones, tornadoes, and typhoons are virtually mere wind, and yet they incontestably present the most outrageous forms which weather can assume. Without wind all the other elements of weather would be passive; in themselves alone they constitute mere local agencies; it is only when their inherent power is multiplied by the speed which wind bestows upon them that they acquire destructive force. It is the wind which enables the snow to drift and deepen, the rain to travel over whole countries and to inundate them all, the hail to beat down the crops of entire districts, the fog to march along from sea to land; if "life is movement," it is evidently wind which bestows life on weather.

Wind, however, in the midst of its inconsistent caprices, is controlled, like all the other elements of weather, by the degree of heat. As heat makes vapour, so also does heat make wind, and we have proof thereof in the fact that the average number of storms each year rises gradually from two in Siberia to nine in London, fourteen in Paris, forty-three in Rome, and sixty in Calcutta. Wherever a tempest occurs we may be absolutely certain that temperature is at the bottom of it, for wind of all speeds, from one to one hundred miles an hour, is a mere rushing of air to take somewhere else the place of other air which has been carried off by hot ascending currents. But, in tearing about in what seems to be so fantastic a fashion, wind is unceasingly rendering us a vast service; it is conveying vapour from damp places to dry ones. If ever it were to leave off doing so, evaporation in the dry places would become greater than precipitation, the level of the inland waters would fall, vegetation would disappear, there would be no more food, and the population would be driven away. And all this because the wind would have stopped blowing in the direction where it is wanted! There is no doubt at all that such would really be the case, for it has happened already round the Caspian and the Sea of Aral.

The relationship of wind towards weather is somewhat like that of a painter's brush towards his colours; without the brush the colours would remain daubed upon the palette, but with its help they form a picture. It is true that in the case of weather the picture is inharmonious, irregularly drawn and indiscriminately shaded; but still it presents a vigour and a life which indicate that it is the work of no common hand. We gaze each day, and each hour of each day, at the great

fresco which is painted for us by the winds, and yet, habituated to it as we are, it never tires us: it perpetually strikes us by its grandeur, its vitality, its ever-varying lines. It may indeed be said that the view of it constitutes one of the few permanent pleasures that we possess, and it has the advantage over most other pleasures of being obtainable without an effort. And yet though we have this strong reason, and many others too, for feeling gratitude towards wind, though it serves us as a water-carrier, as a seed and pollen spreader, as a scavenger, as a drying-machine, and as a grand artist, it is probable that the greater part of us never entertain towards it any lively sentiment of thankfulness, and that we habitually limit our acknowledgments of obligation to it to the direct and personal benefits which it occasionally renders us, as when, on the evening of a sultry day, a breeze springs up and brings us coolness, or when it at last conveys our ship into port after a weary voyage. For the daily, constant work of wind we have no gratitude: if, indeed, we think of it at all, it is rather to cry out against its violences than to thank it for its services; they pass unperceived before our negligent eyes. Here, however, we are forced to recognize and proclaim them, for without wind, all the other elements of weather that we have been talking about would be as motionless and as torpid as a mushroom in a hollow tree.

There is one more constituent of weather — temperature; it is usually and most rightly classed with climate rather than with weather, but yet its relationship to the latter is real enough to oblige us to include it in our list. It is dependent mainly on latitude and altitude, so much so, indeed, that it may be said — as a rough formula which is subject to many exceptions — that heat diminishes at the rate of about  $1^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit for each degree of distance from the equator, and for each hundred yards of height above the sea; but still it is a little influenced by mere weather too, only in the latter case we have no sort of law to guide our calculations of probable results. We all know that, as rules of climate, there are no very violent oscillations of temperature in the neighbourhood of the sea, and that heat diminishes as we advance into the interior of continents, and leave the sea behind us. For instance, Amsterdam and Warsaw, and Copenhagen and Kasan, are, respectively, on about the same parallels of latitude, and yet their mean annual tempera-

tures are  $53^{\circ}$  and  $46^{\circ}$  in the first case, and  $45^{\circ}$  and  $37^{\circ}$  in the second. This we can understand, because it is climate — that is to say, a fixed condition. But we altogether fail to comprehend why July in England should have been a hot and dry month in 1874, and a wet and cold one in 1875. That striking contrast was distinctly and undeniably brought about by weather, and nothing else; and it is, for that very reason, altogether unintelligible to ordinary people like us. Of course it is easy enough to explain it scientifically, but what good does that do to us? Of course it can be announced that what happened this year was a necessary result of excessive condensation of vapour over the British Isles, provoked by the arrival of unusual frigid currents in the atmosphere, which currents were sent our way by perturbation in the movements of the strata of the air somewhere else, above Japan, for instance, or towards Cape Horn. But that learned interpretation, supposing it to be infallibly exact, affords very small satisfaction to us, for, even if we comprehend it theoretically, we fail altogether to realize it as a fact. Notions of atmospheric equilibrium, of compensations, of its being accidentally cold in London because it is accidentally warm in the Gallapagos, are outside the grasp of the mass of us; our conceptions of the causes of sudden changes of temperature are, habitually, more simple. If it becomes very hot, we expect to be informed that a new comet is in sight; if it turns very cold, we cannot help suspecting that some icebergs must have floated down to the latitude of Aberdeen. As for referring a broiling afternoon at Brighton to a storm at Calcutta, or a chilly week in August to a magnetic disturbance round New Zealand, not one of us is capable of it. And yet those versions would be the true ones, while the icebergs and the comets would be all nonsense. We do not adopt them, however, because, as popular ignorance fits in handily with our prejudices, while scientific reasonings appeal only to our understanding, we find, in this case as in so many others, that it is vastly easier to let ourselves be guided by imagination than by knowledge.

And yet, indifferent as we may be about explanations, we are invariably ready to blame weather for all excesses that occur in temperature; our very language proves it; we say "hot weather" and "cold weather," as if heat and cold were properties of weather. Nothing can be more unfair than this; temperature is often

somewhat exaggerated either way, by weather; that is quite true; but the fundamental fact that it is cold in winter and hot in summer has nothing on earth to do with weather. Weather is an extraneous influence which temporarily increases or diminishes the action of certain permanent natural laws, but it no more makes those laws than tailors weave the cloth out of which they cut our coats. The presence or the absence of clouds, of rain, of snow, of wind, does manifestly affect temperature; but it affects it only because it existed already. Weather is nothing but a tool in the matter; it shapes and fashions temperature some little, but we could no more produce temperature by the help of weather alone than we could manufacture a piece of calico with a pair of scissors and a thimble.

But though weather exercises only a very restricted action over temperature, its authority is extensive over everything else that it touches. Allusion has been already made to several of its material functions, and all that need be added on that chapter of the question is the general observation that, as regards the culture of the ground, weather is even more important than the nature of the soil itself. The French express this truth by a proverb which is in all their peasants' mouths — "*Mieux vaut un bon temps qu'un bon champ.*" Crops are almost entirely dependent upon weather. The supply of corn, wine, and oil, and of all the other necessities which we have successively learnt to cultivate, is mainly a question of more or less heat and cold, of more or less wet and dry. All that is evident, and needs no telling. But the ways in which weather dominates over the persons of men and women are perhaps less generally noticed, and may therefore be worth a passing allusion.

Our virtues and our vices, our temperaments and our passions, are all so bound up with our physical organization that they cannot help varying with the outside influences to which the latter is exposed. We see proofs enough of this in the radical differences of national character between the inhabitants of countries whose climates are unlike; and though the variations of temper and disposition which are provoked amongst dwellers in the same country by changes of weather alone, are insignificant when compared to the far greater consequences produced by climate, yet they are distinct enough to supply evidence of the reality of the cause which begets them. That heat engenders indo-

lence and irritation, and develops the nervous system; that cold engenders activity and energy, and develops the muscular system,—are facts with which every one is acquainted, for they are general rules in constant application before our eyes. But these rules and their effects are modified each day by the action of weather, and there it is that we detect the special consequences of that action. And it is particularly easy to do so in a climate like our own, where the usual absence of extremes of temperature permits equilibrium between the muscular and the nervous system, and renders both of them, for that very reason, more accessible to atmospheric variations than is the case amongst inhabitants of excessive climates.

That is, no doubt, the reason why thunder-storms give some of us bad headaches, why long rains augment our national solemnity, why persistent fogginess and chill depress us, why brighter skies than those we habitually see excite in us a momentary gaiety and elasticity, which, in our astonishment and want of practice, we rarely know how to utilize. And, in differing degrees and shapes, these same conditions apply in other countries than our own; a large part of Europe takes the exact shade of its character for each day from the weather which it finds when it opens its eyes in the morning. It is true that, in the majority of cases, we are almost unconscious of the subtle influence which is thus at work upon us, not only because its effects are usually too minute to attract our attention, but also because we are so accustomed to them that, unless they happen to be exceptionally marked, it does not occur to us to investigate their cause. This indifference applies, however, to a good many other things besides weather, and the fact of its existence no more indicates that the action of weather on us is not real, than our forgetfulness that we are always breathing implies that we could do without air.

And, furthermore, this indifference is limited to the present; it does not extend to the future; it in no way prevents us from trying to discover means for prognosticating coming weather; in that direction, at all events, our minds have always been inquiring and our attention has always been active. The curiosity that the whole world feels upon this question is legitimate and natural; for though no amount of previous information would render weather less capricious, yet its capriciousness would be less damaging and annoying if we knew well beforehand

what changes to prepare for. It is therefore disagreeable to be obliged to recognize that there is no present probability whatever that we shall ever attain any distinct knowledge on the subject. It is true that we have invented the barometer, and that in these latter days we have had recourse to scientific observation on the largest international scale; but still, with all this help, we do not manage to see beyond to-morrow. And even that small glimpse into futurity would be impossible if we did not know by telegraph what was happening elsewhere yesterday. Failure, however, does not discourage us; we go on calculating and seeking; we are pushed on in our researches by a universal curiosity—by a curiosity which seems to have always existed, and which has grown particularly strong during the last two hundred years. To satisfy it the world has had recourse to prophets, who have really discharged their functions with such a remarkably correct appreciation of what was wanted from them, that the work of Maury and Fitzroy becomes lamentably mean and little compared with that of Zadkiel and Moore, of Mathieu Laensberg and Mathieu de la Drôme. Those soothsayers were not restrained by the miserable considerations which influence the learned gentlemen who are trying to replace them; in their hands prediction was comprehensive, unhesitating, and ferocious; it scorned the absurd bonds of time and truth; it satisfied all wonderings; it contented all sorts of fancies, for, not restricting itself to the mere prophesying of weather twelve months beforehand, it threw in revolutions, wars, and plagues as well. Much time will probably be required, and much spread of education too, before weather-charts will be accepted by the masses as a satisfactory substitute for thrilling penny almanacs. Dry facts can scarcely be expected to easily replace superstition, and as the superstition is, in this case, the common property of all Europe, its eradication will be proportionably more difficult.

If ever the happy time arrives when official weather-books will be published annually at Greenwich; when rainy days will be calculated prospectively with as much certainty as eclipses; when the date, nature, and duration of every storm will be rigorously determined two years in advance,—then, evidently, the astrologers will have to abandon their profession. Meanwhile, however, they will probably continue to exercise it without much hindrance: the only serious com-

petitor they have as yet is, not meteorology, but nature herself, for she is generous enough to place at our disposal a variety of little signals, which render us some service as it is, and would render us much more if only we knew how to read them aright. In her hands coming events do really cast their shadows a few yards before; and, if we were clever at discovering the meanings of the shadows, they would perhaps tell us more about the movements of weather than we have hitherto been able to learn from the united observatories of the world. We know, for instance, in a general way, that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather if the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright; that dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days; that if the sun is dark and vapoury, or if the moon is sickly, with blunt horns, and a circle round her, or if the stars are pallid, big, and do not scintillate, we may look for rain; that if the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind. We have noticed, also, that certain plants have ways of warning us of coming wet; that several of them shut up their flowers when rain is approaching; the chickweed, indeed, has this habit to such an extent that it is called in France "the poor man's barometer." And there are enthusiasts who pretend that even animals are good enough to speak out, after their fashion, on the same occasion; they assert that, when rain is in the air, horses hinny, oxen low, sheep bleat, asses bray, and crows, frogs, and ducks become particularly noisy.

But the birds are the best judges of all, for they live in the air and feel its pulses and its throbbings; they are specially organized for the purpose. Toussenel, indeed, goes so far as to say that every bird possesses within itself the various properties of the thermometer, barometer, hygroscope, and electroscope. The cranes were perfectly aware what sort of a winter was approaching in 1812; they proved their knowledge of its nature by migrating weeks sooner than their usual date in order to get out of its way. Unluckily for Napoleon he did not recognize the facts as the cranes did. Neither do we of this generation pay much attention to the instructive auguries which are offered to us by the swallows when they fly low, or by the sea-birds when they hover close to shore instead of travelling out over the

waves, as is their habit when the weather is going to be fine. It is perhaps not altogether absurd to suggest that a system of predictions might yet be organized by careful observations of the proceedings of the birds; but as such a device would not be scientific, there is no actual prospect of its adoption.

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over the weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways — by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest — we see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognizable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the government of Switzerland.

Regarded as a whole, the question of weather has the double merit of being both important and interesting; it has, from all times, dragged towards itself the

attention of the ignorant and the wise alike; philosophers and peasants have studied it with equal attention, but with equal non-success. It has always persistently hidden its secrets from us, or at best, has opened them to us in the most limited degree. Our attempts to fathom them have only led us into superstitions; and of all the branches of knowledge which men have pursued it may be said, with truth, that there is not one in which they have made so little progress as in weatherlore. Maury's discovery of the law of storms is the one single contribution that has yet been made to the creation of a weather-science; and even that law has extremely limited applications, and is open to innumerable exceptions. In no other direction whatever have we been able to detect any appearance of a rule; we have traced out causes, but not codes; we have got on a little with the former, but the latter remain as invisible to us as they were to Aristotle. Indeed, if such a thought were not in flagrant contradiction to the whole of our experience in all other directions, we should be almost tempted to imagine that, in this one matter, nature has not acted with her usual precision, and that she has drawn up no code at all. That explanation of the caprices and inconsistencies of weather is, however, inadmissible: there must, of necessity, be perpetual laws for its guidance, as for everything else; it is only as a justification of our own ignorance that we incline to fancy that there are none.

That being so—and assuredly it is so—our admiration for nature's capacity of lawgiving ought to increase immensely; for the statutes which she has invented for the government of weather must be far more wonderful than those which she enforces elsewhere. They imply the existence of the strictest order amidst indescribable disorder, of a recognized predominant will where all wills appear to be contending for the mastery; of an accepted absolute commander, where all looks like flagrant disobedience; of ever-present reason amidst what seems to be the wildest incoherence; of all-controlling despotism, co-existing with the outward signs of absolutely uncontrolled liberty. It must be owned that the task of comprehending this is excessively embarrassing, and that we really have some small excuse for trying to evade it. In other cases the laws which nature applies are in more or less harmonious agreement with the agents which they employ, and with the effects which they induce; but here

the agents and the effects present themselves before us in such tumultuous confusion, in such wayward independence, with so vivid and so resolute a character of immunity from supervision, that it is most desperately difficult for us to imagine that there can be any harmony at all between them and the unknown laws which we suppose to be directing them, but which they seem to so thoroughly despise.

It is humiliating to turn away from an unsolved riddle; but, as nobody has ever been able to explain this one, it is not likely that we should be successful, even if we tried. Let us leave it to posterity. And, with it, let us bequeath the wise advice which Mathieu Laensberg offered to his readers,—"Il faut prendre le temps comme il vient, les gens pour ce qu'ils sont, et l'argent pour ce qu'il vaut."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

##### CHAPTER XII.

How brilliant was that August morning when the two men went out! the sky so blue and warm and full of sunshine, bending with friendly tenderness toward the luxuriant earth which it embraced, lost everywhere in soft distances, limits that were of the eye and not of the infinite melting space—showing through the foliage, opening out sweet and full over the breezy purpled common. The red cottage roofs, with all their lichens, shone and basked in the light; the apples reddened moment by moment, the yellow corn rustled and waved in every breath of air, conscious of the coming sickle. Everything was at its fullest blaze of colour; the trees more deeply green than usual, the sky of more profound and dazzling blue, the heather purple-royal, showing in its moorland flush against the russet-golden fields burning in the sun which gave them their last perfection of ripeness; and even the flowers in the gardens blazing their brightest to hide the fact from all men that the sweetness and hope of the year were almost lost in that harvest and climax which touches upon decay, as everything does which is perfect. The sun was too fierce for anything but red burning geraniums and gaudy hollyhocks and rank dahlias. But the red old cottages at Brentburn were of themselves like growths of nature, with all their stains of moss, red and grey and yellow, relieved and thrown up by the waving greyness of

the willows, that marked every spot of special dampness, and by the wealthy green woods that rolled away into the distance, into the sky. Everything is musical in such a morning; the very cackle of the ducks in that brown pond—how cool it looks to the dusty wayfarer!—takes a tone from the golden air; the slow roll of the leisurely cart along the country road; the voices from the cottages calling in full Berkshire drawl to Jyain or Jeo outside. A harmonious world it seemed, with nothing in it to jar or wound; the very air caressing every mother's son it met, blowing about the rags as if it loved them, conveying never a chill to the most poorly clad. How different was that broad outdoor satisfaction and fulness to the complainings and troubles inclosed by every set of four walls in the parish! Mildmay, as was natural, knew nothing about these nor suspected them; his spirits rose when he came out into the summer air—to walk along the cool side of the road in the shade, and watch the triumphant sunshine blazing over everything, leaving not an inch even of the common high-road unglorified, brought a swell of pleasure to his heart he could not tell why.

"You must not come to a country parish with the idea that it is Arcadia," said Mr. St. John; "such ideas lead to a great deal of disappointment; but you must not let yourself be discouraged either. I don't think that Cicely knows all the outs and ins of the story about the cottages."

"Miss St. John said nothing about the cottages."

"Ah! I thought she had put you out of spirits; that would be foolish," said the curate kindly. "You see, Mr. Mildmay, everybody here thinks a great deal of a little money; it is so, I believe, in every small place; they have little, very little, Heaven knows; and somehow, when one is very poor, that gets to look of more importance than anything else. I don't say so from personal experience, though I have always been poor enough. My way, I am afraid, is to think too little of the money, not too much—which is, perhaps, as great a mistake the other way; but it is much easier, you know, to condemn those faults we have no mind to," Mr. St. John added, with a smile. The visit of an intelligent stranger had quite brightened the good man up, though it ought to have depressed him, according to all principles of good sense. The curate forgot how much he himself must suffer from the change that was coming. Mildmay

pleased him; he was deferential to his own grey hairs and long experience; he was willing to hear, and apparently to take, his predecessor's opinion, and Mr. St. John liked the novelty, the new companion, the attentive listener. He walked on quite briskly, with the easy steps of a man to whom the way is so familiar that he does not need to pause to look where he is going. Now and then he would stop to point out a view, a glimpse of the distant forest, a slope opening down upon the lower level of the common, or even a pretty cottage; and one of them, a most picturesque refuge of misery, with tiny little casement windows bulging anyhow from the ruddy old wall, and a high roof of the most indescribable and beautiful mixture of tints, set him easily afloat again upon the subject of which his mind was full.

"Look at it!" he said; "it is a picture. If one could only clear them out and shut them up—or rather throw them open, that the winds of heaven might enter, but not our fellow-creatures, Mr. Mildmay! As I was saying, they are all poor here. The people think you do them an injury when you speak of anything that has to be paid for. Because I have tried to get the cottages put into good repair, the arrangements made a little more decent, and the places fit to live in, more than two or three of the people have left the parish church. Yes, that is quite true—I thought Cicely must have told you—well-to-do people, who might have spared a few pounds well enough. It was a trial; but what of that? I have outlived it, and perhaps done a little good."

"The cottagers, at least, must have been grateful to you," said Mildmay; but the curate shook his head.

"The cottagers thought I was only trying to get them turned out," he said. "They almost mobbed me once. I told them they should not take lodgers and lodgers till every room was crowded. They are as bad as the landlords; but, poor souls! it was easy to forgive them, for the shilling or two they gained was such an object to them. I thought it best to tell you; but there was really nothing in it, nothing to be annoyed about. It was soon over. You, a young man, need not be discouraged by any such episode as that."

"Mr. St. John, there is something which discourages me much more," said Mildmay. "When I came yesterday to see Brentburn, I did not know you at all. I

had heard your name; that was all. I thought you were most likely a man of my own standing, or younger —"

"As a curate ought to be," said Mr. St. John, once more shaking his head. "Yes; I was saying to Cicely, it is almost a stigma upon a man to be a curate at my age; but so it is, and I cannot help it. Perhaps if I had not settled down so completely when I was young, if I had been more energetic; I feel that now—but what good does it do? it is too late now to change my nature. The children are the worst," he said with a sigh, "for they must come upon the girls." Then, recovering himself with a faint smile, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay, for going off with my own thoughts. You said it discouraged you. Do you mean my example? You must take it as a lesson and a warning, not as an example. I am very sensible it is my own fault."

"I came to supplant you, to take your place, to turn you out of your home," said Mildmay, finding it a kind of relief to his feelings to employ Cicely's words, "and you received me like a friend, took me into your house, made me sit at your table —"

The curate was startled by his vehemence. He laughed, then looked at him half alarmed. "What should I have done else?" he said. "I hope you are a friend. Supplant me! I have been here a great deal longer than I had any right to expect. Of course, we all knew a new rector would come. The girls, indeed, had vague notions about something that might be done—they did not know what, poor things! how should they? But of course from the first I was aware what must happen. No, no; you must not let *that* trouble you. I am glad, on the contrary, very glad, that the people are going to fall into hands like yours."

"Poor hands," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John, you may think it strange that I should say this; but it is you who ought to be the rector, not me. You ought to stay here; I feel it. If I come after all, I shall be doing a wrong to the people and to you, and even to the Church, where such things should not be."

Once more Mr. St. John slowly shook his head; a smile came over his face; he held out his hand. "It is pleasant to hear you say it; somehow it is pleasant to hear you say it. I felt sure Cicely had been saying something to you this morning. But no, no; they would never have given me the living, and I should never have asked for it. As for a wrong, nobody will

feel it a wrong; not myself, nor the Church, and the people here last of all."

"They must look upon you as their father," said Mildmay warmly. "Nothing else is possible. To them it is the greatest wrong of all."

"You speak like a—boy," said the curate. "Yes, you speak like a kind, warm-hearted boy. The girls say the same kind of things. You are all young, and think of what ought to be, not of what is. The people! The Church does not give them any voice in the matter, and it is just as well. Mr. Mildmay, I've been a long time among them. I've tried to do what I could for them. Some of them like me well enough; but the people have never forgotten that I was only curate—not rector. They have remembered it all these twenty years, when sometimes I was half tempted to forget it myself."

"Oh, sir, do not think so badly of human nature!" said Mildmay, almost with a recoil from so hard a judgment.

"Do I think badly of human nature? I don't feel that I do; and why should this be thinking badly? Which is best for them to have, a man who is well off, who is a real authority in the parish, whom the farmers and masters will stand in awe of, and who will be able to help them in trouble—or a poor man who has to struggle for himself, who has nothing to spare, and no great influence with any one? I shall feel it, perhaps, a little," said Mr. St. John, with a smile; "but it will be quite unreasonable to feel it. In a month you will be twice as popular in the parish as I am after twenty years."

"It is not possible!" said the young man.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Mildmay, a great many things are possible! The girls think like you. I suppose it is natural; but when you come to take everything into account—the only thing to have been desired was that I should have died before Mr. Chester; or, let us say that he should have outlived me, which sounds more cheerful. Come," said the curate with an effort, "don't let us think of this. I hope you are a friend, Mr. Mildmay, as I said; but as you say yourself, you are only a friend of yesterday, so why you should take my burden on your shoulders I don't know. I think we may venture to call on the Ascotts now. He is a little rough, or rather bluff, but a good man; and she is a little—fanciful," said the curate, searching for a pleasant word, "but a kind woman. If you talk to them, and they to you —"

"On what pretence should I go to see them, unsettled as I am about my future?" said Mildmay, hesitating.

The curate looked at him with a smile. He rang the bell, then opened the door, which, like most innocent country doors, opened from the outside. Then he fixed his mild eyes upon the young man. He had some gentle insight in his way by right of his years and experience of life, simple-minded as he was. "You go as the new rector—the best of introductions," he said, and led the way smiling. It was not difficult, perhaps, to see through the struggle in Mildmay's mind between his own wish and determination, and his sympathetic sense of the hardship involved to others. I think the curate was quite right in believing that it was the personal inclination which would gain the day, and not the generous impulse; as, indeed, Mr. St. John fully recognized it ought to be.

Mr. Ascott was in his library, reading the newspaper, but with such an array of papers about him, as made that indulgence look momentary and accidental. He was not the squire of the parish, but he had a considerable landed property in the neighbourhood, and liked to be considered as holding that position. He received Mr. Mildmay, boldly introduced by the curate as the new rector, with the greatest cordiality. "I had not seen the appointment," he said, "but I am most happy to welcome you to the parish. I hope you like what you have seen of it? This is quite an agreeable surprise."

Mildmay found it very difficult to reply, for was not every word of congratulation addressed to him an injury to his companion, whose star must set as his rose? The curate, however, showed no such feeling. His *amour propre* was quite satisfied by being the first to know and to present to the parish its new rector. "Yes, I thought you would be pleased to hear at once," he said, with gentle complacency. "I would not let him pass your door."

"Poor Chester! This reminds me of him," said Mr. Ascott. "He came to Brentburn in my father's time, when I was a young fellow at home fresh from the university. He was a very accomplished man. It was a pity he had such bad health. A parish gets out of order when it is without the proper authorities. Even a good deputy—and St. John, I am sure, has been the best of deputies—is never like the man himself."

"That is just what I have been saying,"

said Mr. St. John; but though he took it with great equanimity, it was less pleasant to him to hear this, than to say it himself. "I think I will leave you now," he added. "I have a great deal to do this morning. Mr. Ascott will tell you many things that will be really valuable, and at two o'clock or sooner we will expect you at the rectory."

"It is a pity to trouble you and your girls, St. John. He can have some luncheon here. Mrs. Ascott will be delighted to see him."

"I shall be at the rectory without fail," said Mildmay, with a sense of partial offence. He belonged to the rectory, not to this complacent secular person. A certain *esprit de corps* was within him. If the rest of the world neglected the poor curate, he at least would show that to him the old priest was the first person in the parish. "Or," he added, hesitating, "I will go with you now."

Mr. St. John did not wish this. He felt that he would be less at his ease with his poor people if conscious of this new man fresh from Oxford at his elbow. There might be, for anything he knew to the contrary, newfangled ways even of visiting the sick. To talk to them cheerily, kindly, as he had always done, might not fall in with the ideas of duty held by "high" schools of doctrine, of whatever kind. He went away plodding along the high-road in the sultry noon, with a smile still upon his face, which faded, however, when the stimulus of Mildmay's company, and the gratification of presenting the stranger to the great people of the parish, had subsided. These circumstances were less exhilarating when the curate was alone, and had to remember Wilkins and all the out-standing bills, and the fact that the furniture in the rectory was to be sold, and that Cicely that very night would ask him once more what he had made up his mind to do. What could he make up his mind to do? The very question, when he put it to himself merely, and when it was not backed up by an eager young face, and a pair of eyes blazing into him, was bewildering enough; it made the curate's head go round and round. Even when he came to Brentburn twenty years ago it was not his own doing. Friends had found the appointment for him, and arranged all the preliminaries. Nothing had been left for him but to accept it, and he had accepted. And at that time he had Hester to fall back upon. But now to "look out for something," to apply for another curacy,

to advertise and answer advertisements, describing himself and his capabilities — how was he to do it? He was quite ready to consent to anything, to let Cicely manage for him if she would; but to take the initiative himself! The very thought of this produced a nervous confusion in his mind which seemed to make an end of all his powers.

"You must come up stairs and see my wife," said Mr. Ascott. "She will be delighted to make your acquaintance. She has been a great deal in society, and I don't doubt you and she will find many people to talk about. As for me, I am but a country fellow, I don't go much into the world. When your interests are all in the country, why, stick to the country is my maxim; but my wife is fond of fine people. You and she will find a hundred mutual acquaintances in half an hour, you will see."

"But I am not fond of fine people — nor have I so many acquaintances."

"Oh, you Oxford dons know everybody. They all pass through your hands. Come along, it will be quite a pleasure for my wife to see you. Adelaide, I am bringing you some one who will be a surprise to you as well as a pleasure. Mr. Mildmay, our new rector, my dear."

"Our new rector!" Mrs. Ascott said, with a subdued outcry of surprise. She was seated in a corner of a large light room with three or four large windows looking out upon a charming lawn and garden, beyond which appeared the tufted undulations of the common, and the smooth green turf and white posts of the race-ground. With a house like this, looking out upon so interesting a spot, no one need be surprised that Mrs. Ascott's fine friends "kept her up," and that for at least one week in the year she was as popular and sought after as any queen. Though it was only one week in the year, it had a certain influence upon her manners. She lived all the year through in a state of reflected glory from this brief but ever-recurring climax of existence. The air of conferring a favour, the look of gracious politeness, yet preoccupation, which suited a woman overbalanced by the claims of many candidates for her hospitality, never departed from her. She gave that little cry of surprise just as she would have done had her husband brought a stranger to her to see if she could give him a bed for the race-week. "I am delighted to make Mr. Mildmay's acquaintance," she said; "but, my dear, I thought there was going to be an effort made for poor Mr.

St. John?" This was in a lower tone, as she might have said, "But there is only one spare room, and that I have promised to Mr. St. John." Her husband laughed.

"I told you, my dear, that was nonsense. What do ladies know of such matters? They talked of some foolish petition or other to the lord chancellor, as if the lord chancellor had anything to do with it! You may be very thankful you had me behind you, my dear, to keep you from such a foolish mistake. No; Mr. Mildmay has it, and I am very glad. The dons have done themselves credit by their choice, and we are in great luck. I hope you will not be like your predecessor, Mr. Mildmay, and take a dislike to the parish. We must do our best, Adelaide, to prevent that."

"Indeed, I hope so," said the lady. "I am sure I am delighted. I think I have met some relations of yours, Mr. Mildmay — the Hamptons of Thornbury? Yes; I felt sure I had heard them mention you. You recollect, Henry, they lunched with us here the year before last, on the cup-day? They came with Lady Teddington — charming people. And you know all the Teddingtons, of course? What a nice family they are! We see a great deal of Lord Charles, who is often in this neighbourhood. His dear mother is often rather anxious about him. I fear — I fear, he is just a little disposed to be what you gentlemen call fast."

"We gentlemen don't mince our words," said her husband; "rowdy young scamp, that is what I call him; bad lot."

"You are very severe, Henry — very severe — except when it is a favourite of your own. How glad I am we are getting some one we know to the rectory. When do you take possession, Mr. Mildmay? We shall be quite near neighbours, and will see a great deal of you, I hope."

"I do not feel quite sure, since I have been here, whether I will come to the rectory at all," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John was so hasty in his announcement, that I feel myself a swindler coming here under false pretences. I have not made up my mind whether I will accept the living or not."

"Since you have been here? Then you don't like the place," said Mr. Ascott. "I must say I am surprised. I think you are hasty, as well as St. John. Poor Chester, to be sure, did not like it, but that was because he thought it did not agree with him. The greatest nonsense! it is as healthy a place as any in England; it has



a hundred advantages. Perhaps this sort of thing mayn't suit you as a clergyman," he said, waving his hand towards the distant racecourse; "but it gives a great deal of life to the place."

"And so near town," said Mrs. Ascott; "and such nice people in the neighbourhood! Indeed, Mr. Mildmay, you must let us persuade you; you must really stay."

"Come now," cried her husband, "let's talk it over. What's your objection? Depend upon it, Adelaide, it is those pets of yours, the St. Johns, who have been putting nonsense into his head."

"Poor things, what do they know!" said Mrs. Ascott, with a sigh. "But indeed, Mr. Mildmay, now that we have seen you, and have a chance of some one we can like, with such nice connections, we cannot let you go."

This was all very flattering and pleasant. "You are extremely kind," said Mildmay. "I must put it to the credit of my relations, for I have no right to so much kindness. No, it is not any objection to the place. It is a still stronger objection. I heard Mrs. Ascott herself speak of some effort to be made for Mr. St. John —"

"I — what did I say?" cried the lady. "Mr. St. John? Yes, I was sorry, of course; very sorry."

"It was all nonsense," said the husband. "I told her so. She never meant it; only what could she say to the girls when they appealed to her? She is a soft-hearted goose — eh, Adelaide? One prefers women to be so. But as for old St. John, it is sheer nonsense. Poor old fellow! yes, I am sorry for him. But whose fault is it? He knew Chester's life was not worth *that*; yet he has hung on, taking no trouble, doing nothing for himself. It is not your part or our part to bother our minds for a man who does nothing for himself."

"That is true enough," said Mildmay; "but his long services to the parish, his age, his devotion to his work — it does not seem right. I don't say for you or for me, but in the abstract —"

"Devotion?" said Mr. Ascott. "Oh, yes; he has done his work well enough, I suppose. That's what is called devotion when a man dies or goes away. Yes, oh, yes, we may allow him the credit of that, the poor old fogey, but — yes, oh, yes, a good old fellow enough. When you have said that, there's no more to say. Perhaps in the abstract it was a shame that Chester should have the lion's share of the in-

come, and St. John all the work; but that's all over; and as for any hesitation of yours on his account —"

"It may be foolish," said the young man, "but I do hesitate — I cannot help feeling that there is a great wrong involved — to Mr. St. John, of course, in the first place — but without even thinking of any individual, it is a sort of thing that must injure the Church; and I don't like to be the instrument of injuring the Church."

"Tut — tut — tut!" said Mr. Ascott; "your conscience is too tender by far."

"Mr. Mildmay," said the lady sweetly, "you must not expect me to follow such deep reasoning. I leave that to superior minds; but you ought to think what a great thing it is for a parish to have some one to look up to — some one the poor people can feel to be really their superior."

"Not a poor beggar of a curate," cried her husband. "There, Adelaide! you have hit the right nail on the head. That's the true way to look at the subject. Poor old St. John! I don't say he's been well treated by destiny. He has had a deal of hard work, and he has stuck to it; but, bless you! how is a man like that to be distinguished from a Dissenting preacher, for instance? Of course, he's a clergyman, in orders and all that, as good as the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he has no position — no means — nothing to make him the centre of the parish, as the clergyman ought to be. Why, the poorest labourer in the parish looks down upon the curate. 'Parson's just as poor as we is,' they say. I've heard them. He has got to run up bills in the little shops, and all that, just as they have. He has no money to relieve them with when they're out of work. The farmers look down upon him. They think nothing of a man that's poor; and as for the gentry —"

"Stop, Henry," said Mrs. Ascott; "the gentry have always been very kind to the St. Johns. We were always sorry for the girls. Poor things! their mother was really quite a lady, though I never heard that she had anything. We were all grieved about this last sad affair, when he married the governess; and I should always have made a point of being kind to the girls. That is a very different thing, however, Mr. Mildmay," she added, with a sweet smile, "from having a clergyman whom one can really look up to, and who will be a friend and neighbour as well as a clergyman. You will stay to luncheon? I think I hear the bell."

## CHAPTER XIII.

MILDMAY left the house of the Ascotts hurriedly at this intimation. He thought them pleasant people enough—for who does not think those people pleasant who flatter and praise him?—but he would not allow himself to be persuaded out of his determination to return to the rectory. I must add however that his mind was in a more confused state than ever as he skirted the common by the way the curate had taken him on the previous night. There were two sides to every question; that could not be gainsaid. To leave Brentburn after passing twenty years here in arduous discharge of all the rector's duties, but with the rank and remuneration only of the curate, was an injury too hard to contemplate to Mr. St. John; but then it was not Mildmay's fault that he should interfere at his own cost to set it right. It was not even the fault of the parish. It was nobody's fault but his own, foolish as he was, neglecting all chances of "bettering himself." If a man would do nothing for himself, how could it be the duty of others, of people no way connected with him, scarcely knowing him, to do it for him? This argument was unanswerable; nothing could be more reasonable, more certain; and yet—Mildmay felt that he himself was young, that the rectory of Brentburn was not much to him one way or the other. He had wanted it as the means of living a more real life than that which was possible to him in his college rooms; but he had no stronger reason, no special choice of the place, no conviction that he could do absolute good here; and why should he then take so lightly what it would cost him nothing to reject, but which was everything to the curate? Then, on the other hand, there was the parish to consider. What if—extraordinary as that seemed—it did not want Mr. St. John? What if really his very poverty, his very gentleness, made him unsuitable for it? The argument seemed a miserable one, so far as the money went; but it might be true. The Ascotts, for instance, were the curate's friends; but this was their opinion. Altogether Mr. Mildmay was very much perplexed on the subject. He wished he had not come to see for himself, just as an artist has sometimes been sorry for having consulted that very troublesome reality, Nature, who will not lend herself to any theory. If he had come without any previous inspection of the place, without any knowledge of the circumstances, how much better it would

have been! Whereas now he was weighed down by the consideration of things with which he had really nothing to do. As he went along, full of these thoughts, he met the old woman whom he had first spoken to by the duck-pond on the day before, and who had invited him to sit down in her cottage. To his surprise—for he did not at first recollect who she was—she made him a curtsy, and stopped short to speak to him. As it was in the full blaze of the midday sunshine, Mildmay would very gladly have escaped—not to say that he was anxious to get back to the rectory, and to finish, as he persuaded himself was quite necessary, his conversation with Cicely. Old Mrs. Joel, however, stood her ground. She had an old-fashioned large straw bonnet on her head, which protected her from the sun; and, besides, was more tolerant of the sunshine, and more used to exposure than he was.

"Sir," she said, "I hear as you're the new gentleman as is coming to our parish. I am a poor woman, sir, the widow o' Job Joel, as was about Brentburn Church, man and boy, for more than forty year. He began in the choir, he did, and played the fiddle in the old times; and then, when that was done away with, my husband he was promoted to be clerk, and died in it. They could not ezactly make me clerk, seeing as I'm nothing but a woman; but Dick Williams, as is the sexton, ain't married, and I've got the cleaning of the church, and the pew-opening, if you please, sir; and I hope, sir, as you won't think it's nothing but justice to an old servant, to let me stay?"

"What do you think of Mr. St. John going away?" asked Mildmay abruptly.

The old woman stared, half alarmed, and made him another curtsy, to occupy the time till she could think how to answer. "Mr. St. John, sir? He's a dear good gentleman, sir, as innocent as a baby. When he's gone, sir, they will find the miss of him," she said, examining his face keenly to see how he meant her to answer, which is one of the highest arts of the poor.

"If he goes away, after being here so long, why shouldn't you be sent away, too?" said Mildmay. He felt how absurd was this questioning, as of an oracle, which came from the confused state of his own mind, not from any expectation of an answer; and then he could not but smile to himself at the idea of thus offering up a victim to the curate's *manes*.

Mrs. Joel was much startled. "Lord

bless us!" she said, making a step backwards. Then commanding herself, "It weren't Mr. St. John, sir, as gave me my place; but the rector hisself. Mr. St. John is as good as gold, but he ain't not to say my master. Besides, there's a many as can do the parson's work, but there ain't many, not in this parish, as could do mine. Mr. St. John would be a loss—but me, sir —"

Here she made another curtsy, and Mildmay laughed in spite of himself. "You—would be a greater loss?" he said. "Well, perhaps so; but if there are any good reasons why he should leave, there must be the same for you."

"I don't see it, sir," said Mrs. Joel promptly. "The parson's old, and he's a bit past his work; but I defy any one in the parish to say as the church ain't as neat as a new pin. Mr. St. John's getting a bit feeble in the legs; he can't go long walks now like once he could. Me! I may be old, but as for my mop and my duster, I ain't behind nobody. Lord bless you! it's a very different thing with Mr. St. John from what it is with me. He's got those girls of his to think upon, and those little children. What's he got to do with little children at his age? But I've nobody but myself to go troubling *my* brains about. I think o' my work, and nought else. You won't get another woman in the parish as will do it as cheap and as comfortable as me."

"But don't you think," said Mildmay—whose conduct I cannot excuse, and whose only apology is that his mind was entirely occupied with one subject—"don't you think it is very hard upon Mr. St. John, at his age, to go away?"

Mrs. Joel found herself in a dilemma. She had no desire to speak ill of the curate, but if she spoke too well of him, might not that annoy the new rector, and endanger her own cause? She eyed him very keenly, never taking her eyes off his face, to be guided by its changes. "Between gentlefolks and poor folks," she said at last, philosophically, "there's a great gulf fixed, as is said in the Bible. They can't judge for us, nor us for them. He's a deal abler to speak up for himself, and settle for hisself, than the likes o' me; and I reckon as he could stay on if he'd a mind to; but me, sir, it's your pleasure as I've got to look to," said the old woman, with another curtsy. This oracle, it was clear, had no response or guidance to give.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "I will speak to Miss St. John—for I don't

know about the parish; and if she approves —"

A gleam of intelligence came into the keen old eyes which regarded him so closely; the old face lighted up with a twinkle of mingled pleasure, and malice, and kindness. "If that's so, the Lord be praised!" she cried; "and I hope, sir, it's Miss Cicely; for if ever there was a good wife, it's her dear mother as is dead and gone; and Miss Cicely's her very breathing image. Good morning to you, and God bless you, sir, and I hope as I haven't made too bold."

What does the old woman mean? Mildmay said to himself bewildered. He repeated the question over and over again as he pursued his way to the rectory. What was it to him that Cicely St. John was like her mother? The curate, too, had insisted upon this fact as if it was of some importance. What interest do they suppose me to take in the late Mrs. St. John? he said, with great surprise and confusion to himself.

Meanwhile, the girls in the rectory had been fully occupied. When their father went out, they held a council of war together, at which indeed Mab did not do much more than question and assent, for her mind was not inventive or full of resource as Cicely's was. It was she, however, who opened the consultation. "What were you saying to Mr. Mildmay in the garden?" said Mab. "You told him something. He did not look the same to-day as he did last night."

"I told him nothing," said Cicely. "I was so foolish as to let him see that we felt it very much. No, I must not say foolish. How could we help but feel it? It is injustice, if it was the queen herself who did it. But perhaps papa is right—if he does not come, some one else would come. And he has a heart. I do not hate him so much as I did last night."

"Hate him! I do not hate him at all. He knows how to draw, and said some things that were sense—really sense—and so few people do that," said Mab, thinking of her sketch. "I must have those mites again when the light is about the same as last time, and finish it. Cicely, what are you thinking of now?"

"So many things," said the girl, with a sigh. "Oh, what a change, what a change, since we came! How foolish we have been, thinking we were to stay here always! Now, in six weeks or so, we must go—I don't know where; and we must pay our debts—I don't know how; and we must

live without anything to live on. Mab, help me! Papa won't do anything; we must settle it all, you and I."

"You need not say you and I, Cicely. I never was clever at plans. It must be all yourself. What a good thing you are like mamma! Don't you think we might go to Aunt Jane?"

"Aunt Jane kept us at school for three years," said Cicely. "She has not very much herself. How can I ask her for more? If it were not so dreadful to lose you, I should say, go, Mab—she would be glad to have *you*—and work at your drawing, and learn all you can, while I stay with papa here."

Cicely's eyes filled with tears, and her steady voice faltered. Mab threw her arms round her sister's neck. "I will never leave you. I will never go away from you. What is drawing or anything if we must be parted?—we never were parted all our lives."

"That is very true," said Cicely, drying her eyes. "But we can't do as we like now. I suppose people never can do what they like in this world. We used to think it was only till we grew up. Mab, listen—now is the time when we must settle what to do. Papa is no good. I don't mean to blame him; but he has been spoiled; he has always had things done for him. I saw that last night. To ask him only makes him unhappy; I have been thinking and thinking, and I see what to do."

Mab raised her head from her sister's shoulder, and looked at Cicely with great tender believing eyes. The two forlorn young creatures had nobody to help them; but the one trusted in the other, which was a safeguard for the weaker soul; and she who had nobody to trust in except God, felt that inspiration of the burden which was laid upon her, which sometimes is the strongest of all supports to the strong. Her voice still faltered a little, and her eyes glistened, but she put what was worse first, as a brave soul naturally does.

"Mab, you must go—it is the best—you are always happy with your work, and Aunt Jane will be very kind to you; and the sooner you can make money, don't you see? It would not do to go back to school, even if Miss Blandy would have us, for all we could do there was to keep ourselves. Mab, you are so clever, you will soon now be able to help; and you know, even if papa gets something, there will always be the little boys."

"Yes, I know," said Mab, subdued.

"O Cicely, don't be vexed! I should like it—I know I should like it—but for leaving you."

Cicely's bosom heaved with a suppressed sob. "You must not mind me. I shall have so much to do, I shall have no time to think; and so long as one can keep one's self from thinking!—There now, that is settled. I wanted to say it, and I dared not. After that—Mab, don't ask me my plans! I am going round this very day," cried Cicely springing to her feet, "to all those people we owe money to." This sudden movement was half the impulse of her vivacious nature, which could not continue in one tone, whatever happened, and half an artifice to conceal the emotion which was too deep for her sister to share. Cicely felt the idea of the separation much more than Mab did, though it was Mab who was crying over it; and the elder sister dared not dwell upon the thought. "I must go round to them all," said Cicely, taking the opportunity to get rid of her tears, "and ask them to have a little patience. There will be another half-year's income before we leave, and they shall have all, all I can give them. I hope they will be reasonable. Mab, I ought to go now."

"Oh, what will you say to them? Oh, how have you the courage to do it? O Cicely! when it is not your fault. It is papa who ought to do it!" cried Mab.

"It does not matter so much who ought to do it," said Cicely, with composure. "Some one *must* do it, and I don't know who will but me. Then I think there ought to be an advertisement written for the *Guardian*."

"Cicely, you said you were to stay with papa!"

"It is not for me; it is for papa himself. Poor papa! Oh, what a shame, what a shame, at his age! And a young man, *that* young man, with nothing to recommend him, coming in to everything, and turning us out! I can't talk about it," cried Cicely. "The best thing for us is to go and do something. I can make up the advertisement on the way."

And in the heat of this, she put on her hat and went out, leaving Mab half stupefied by the suddenness of all those settlements. Mab had not the courage to offer to go to Wilkins and the rest with her sister. She cried over all that Cicely had to do; but she knew very well that she had not the strength to do it. She went and arranged her easel, and set to work very diligently. That was always something; and to make money, would not

that be best of all, as well as the pleasant-est? Mab did not care for tiring herself, nor did she think of her own enjoyment. That she should be the brother working for both, and Cicely the sister keeping her house, had always been the girl's ideal, which was far from a selfish one. But she could not do what Cicely was doing. She could not steer the poor little ship of the family fortunes or misfortunes through this dangerous passage. Though she was, she hoped, to take the man's part of breadwinner, for the moment she shrank into that woman's part which women too often are not permitted to hold. To keep quiet at home, wondering and working in obscurity — wondering how the brave adventurer was faring who had to fight for bare life outside in the world.

I dare not follow Cicely through her morning's work; it would take up so much time; and it would not be pleasant for us any more than it was for her. "Don't you make yourself unhappy, miss," said the butcher. "I know as you mean well by every one. A few pounds ain't much to me, the Lord be praised! and I'll wait, and welcome, for I know as you mean well." Cicely, poor child! being only nineteen, cried when these kind words were said to her, and was taken into the hot and greasy parlour, where the butcher's wife was sitting, and petted and comforted. "Bless you, things will turn out a deal better than you think," Mrs. Butcher said; "they always does. Wait till we see the handsome young gentleman as is coming through the woods for you, Miss Cicely dear; and a good wife he'll have, like your dear mother," this kind woman added, smiling, yet wiping her eyes. But Wilkins the grocer was much more difficult to manage, and to him Cicely set her fair young face like a flint, biting her lips to keep them steady, and keeping all vestige of tears from her eyes. "Whatever you do," she said with those firm pale lips, "we cannot pay you now; but you shall be paid if you will have patience;" and at last, notwithstanding the insults which wrung Cicely's heart, this savage, too, was overcome. She went home all throbbing and aching from this last conflict, her heart full of bitterness and those sharp stings of poverty which are so hard to bear. It was not her fault; no extravagance of hers had swelled those bills; and how many people threw away every day much more than would have saved all that torture of heart and mind to this helpless and guiltless girl! Mildmay himself had paid for

a Palissy dish, hideous with crawling reptiles, a great deal more than would have satisfied Wilkins and relieved poor Cicely's delicate shoulders of this humiliating burden; but what of that? The young man whom she saw in the distance approaching the rectory from the other side could at that moment have paid every one of those terrible debts that were crushing Cicely, and never felt it; but I repeat, what of that? Under no pretence could he have done it; nothing in the world would have induced the proud, delicate girl to betray the pangs which cut her soul. Thus the poor and the rich walk together shoulder by shoulder every day as if they were equal, and one has to go on in hopeless labour like Sisyphus, heaving up the burden which the other could toss into space with the lifting of a finger. So it is, and so it must be, I suppose, till time and civilization come to an end.

Meanwhile these two came nearer, approaching each other from different points. And what Mildmay saw was not the brave but burdened creature we know of, dear reader, bleeding and aching from battles more bitter than Inkerman, with a whole little world of helpless beings hanging upon her, but only a fresh, bright-eyed girl, in a black-and-white frock, with a black hat shading her face from the sunshine, moving lightly in the animation of her youth across the white high-road — a creature full of delicate strength, and variety, and brightness; like her mother! Mildmay could not help thinking that Mrs. St. John must have been a pretty woman, and there came a little pang of sympathy into his heart when he thought of the grave in the twilight where the curate had led him, from which the light in the girls' windows was always visible, and to which his patient feet had worn that path across the grass. To be sure, across the pathos of this picture there would come the jar of that serio-comic reference to the other Mrs. St. John, who, poor soul! lay neglected down the other turning. This made the new rector laugh within himself. But he suppressed all signs of the laugh when he came up to Cicely, who, though she gave him a smile of greeting, did not seem in a laughing mood. She was the first to speak.

"Have you left papa behind you, Mr. Mildmay? He has always a great many places to go to, and parish work is not pleasant on such a hot day."

Was there an insinuation in this that he had abandoned the unpleasant work, finding it uncongenial to him? Poor Cicely

was sore and wounded, and the temptation to give a passing sting in her turn was great.

"Mr. St. John did not permit me to try its pleasantness or unpleasantness," said Mildmay. "He took me over the parish indeed, and showed me the church and the school, and some other things; and then he left me at Mr. Ascott's. I come from the Heath now."

"Ah, from the Heath?" said Cicely, changing colour a little, and looking at him with inquiring eyes. What had they done or said, she wondered, to him? for she could not forget the projected petition to the lord chancellor, which had raised a fallacious hope in their hearts when she saw Mrs. Ascott last. "They have a pretty house, and they seem kind people," said Mildmay, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, they have a pretty house." Cicely looked at him even more eagerly, with many questions on her lips. Had they said nothing to him? had they received him at once as the new rector without a word? Kind! what did he mean when he said they were kind? Had they, too, without an effort, without a remonstrance, gone over to the enemy?

"Mr. St. John somewhat rashly introduced me as the new rector," said Mildmay, "which was very premature; and they knew some relations of mine. Miss St. John, the Ascotts are much less interesting to me than our conversation of this morning. Since then my mind has been in a very confused state. I can no longer feel that anything is settled about the living."

"Didn't they say anything?" said Cicely, scarcely listening to him; "didn't they make any objection?" This was a shock of a new kind which she was not prepared for. "I beg your pardon," she cried; "they had no right to make any objection; but didn't they say anything at least — about papa?"

What was Mildmay to answer? He hesitated scarcely a moment, but her quick eye saw it.

"A great deal," he said eagerly; "they said, as every one must, that Mr. St. John's long devotion —"

"Don't try to deceive me," said Cicely, with a smile of desperation. "I see you do not mean it. They did not say anything sincere. They were delighted to receive a new rector, a new neighbour, young and happy and well off —"

"Miss St. John —"

"Yes, I know; it is quite natural, quite

right. I have nothing to say against it. Papa has only been here for twenty years, knowing all their troubles, doing things for them which he never would have done for himself; but — "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*" cried the impetuous girl in a flash of passion; in the strength of which she suddenly calmed down, and, smiling, turned to him again. "Is it not a pretty house? and Mrs. Ascott is very pretty too — has been, people say, but I think it is hard to say, has been. She is not young, but she has the beauty of her age."

"I take very little interest in Mrs. Ascott," said Mildmay, "seeing I never saw her till to-day; but I take a great deal of interest in what you were saying this morning."

"You never saw any of us till yesterday, Mr. Mildmay."

"I suppose that is quite true. I cannot help it — it is different. Miss St. John, I don't know what you would think of the life I have been living, but yours has had a great effect upon me. What am I to do? you have unsettled me, you have confused my mind and all my intentions. Now tell me what to do."

"I," said Cicely aghast. "Oh, if I could only see a little in advance, if I could tell what to do myself!"

"You cannot slide out of it like this," he said; "nay, pardon me, I don't mean to be unkind; but what am I to do?"

Cicely looked at him with a rapid revulsion of feeling from indignation to friendliness. "Oh," she cried, "can't you fancy how a poor girl, so helpless as I am, is driven often to say a great deal more than she means? What can we do, we girls? — say out some of the things that choke us, that make our hearts bitter within us, and then be sorry for it afterwards? that is all we are good for. We cannot go and do things like you men, and we feel all the sharper, all the keener, because we cannot do. Mr. Mildmay, all that I said was quite true; but what does that matter? a thing may be wrong and false to every principle, and yet it cannot be helped. You ought not to have the living; papa ought to have it; but what then? No one will give it to papa, and if you don't take it some one else will; therefore, take it, though it is wicked and a cruel wrong. It is not your fault, it is — I don't know whose fault. One feels as if it were God's fault sometimes," cried Cicely; "but that must be wrong; the world is all wrong and unjust, and hard — hard; only sometimes there is somebody who is very kind,

very good, who makes you feel that it is not God's fault, and you forgive even the world."

She put up her hand to wipe the tears from those young shining eyes, which indignation and wretchedness and tears only made the brighter. Cicely was thinking of the butcher—you will say no very elevated thought. But Mildmay, wondering, and touched to the heart, asked himself, with a suppressed throb of emotion, could she mean him?

"I am going back to Oxford," he said hastily. "I shall not go to town. The first thing I do will be to see everybody concerned, and to tell them what you say. Yes, Miss St. John, you are right; it is wicked and wrong that I or any one should have it while your father is here. I will tell the master so, I will tell them all so. It shall not be my fault if Mr. St. John does not have his rights."

They were close to the rectory gate, and as fire communicates to fire, the passionate impulse and fervour of Cicely's countenance had transferred themselves to Mr. Mildmay, whose eyes were shining, and his cheeks flushed with purpose like her own. Cicely was not used to this rapid transmission of energy. She gazed at him half frightened. Usually her interlocutor did all that was possible to calm her down—wondered at her, blamed her a little, chilled her vehemence with surprised or disapproving looks. This new companion who caught fire at her was new to the girl. She was half alarmed at what she had done.

"Will you do so, really?" she said, the tears starting to her eyes. "O Mr. Mildmay, perhaps I am wrong! Papa would not advise you so. He would say he never asked for anything in his life, and that he would not be a beggar for a living now. And think—perhaps I should not have said half so much if I could have done anything. I am too ignorant and too inexperienced for any one to be guided by me."

"Yes, you are ignorant," cried the young man. "You don't know the sophistries with which we blind ourselves and each other. You dare to think what is right and what is wrong—and, for once in my life, so shall I."

The moisture that had been gathering dropped all at once in two great unexpected tears out of Cicely's eyes. Her face lighted like the sky when the sun rises, a rosy suffusion as of dawn came over her. Her emotion was so increased by surprise that even now she did not

know what to think. In the least likely quarter all at once, in her moment of need, she had found sympathy and succour; and I think perhaps that even the most strong and self-sustaining do not know how much they have wanted sympathy and comprehension until it comes. It made Cicely weak, not strong. She felt that she could have sat down on the roadside and cried. She had an idiotic impulse to tell him everything, and especially about the butcher—how kind he had been. These impulses passed through her mind mechanically, or, as one ought to say nowadays, automatically; but Cicely, who had no notion of being an automaton, crushed them in the bud. And what she really would have said in the tumult of her feelings, beyond what the look in her eyes said, behind the tears, I cannot tell, if it had not been that the curate came forth leisurely at that moment from the rectory, making it necessary that tears and every other evidence of emotion should be cleared away.

"Cicely, it is just time for dinner," he said. "You should not walk, my dear, in the heat of the day; and Mr. Mildmay, too, must be tired, and want something to refresh him. It is a long time since breakfast," said the gentle curate, opening the door that his guest might precede him. Mr. St. John was not a great eater, but he had a mild regular appetite, and did not like any disrespect to the dinner hour.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN KNOX AND HIS RELATIONS TO WOMEN.

## II.

### PRIVATE LIFE.

To those who know Knox by hearsay only, I believe the matter of this paper will be somewhat astonishing. For the hard energy of the man in all public matters has possessed the imagination of the world; he remains for posterity in certain traditional phases, browbeating Queen Mary, or breaking beautiful carved work in abbeys and cathedrals, that had long smoked themselves out and were no more than sorry ruins, while he was still quietly teaching children in a country gentleman's family. It does not consist with the common acceptance of his character to fancy him much moved, except with anger. And yet the language of passion came to his pen as readily, whether it was a pas-

sion of denunciation against some of the abuses that vexed his righteous spirit, or of yearning for the society of an absent friend. He was vehement in affection, as in doctrine. I will not deny that there may have been, along with his vehemence, something shifty, and for the moment only; that, like many men, and many Scotchmen, he saw the world and his own heart, not so much under any very steady, equable light, as by extreme flashes of passion, true for the moment, but not true in the long run. There does seem to me to be something of this traceable in the reformer's utterances: precipitation and repentance, hardy speech and action somewhat circumspect, a strong tendency to see himself in a heroic light and to place a ready belief in the disposition of the moment. Withal he had considerable confidence in himself, and in the uprightness of his own disciplined emotions, underlying much sincere aspiration after spiritual humility. And it is this confidence that makes his intercourse with women so interesting to a modern. It would be easy, of course, to make fun of the whole affair, to picture him strutting vaingloriously among these inferior creatures, or compare a religious friendship in the sixteenth century with what was called, I think, a literary friendship in the eighteenth. But it is more just and profitable to recognize what there is sterling and human underneath all his theoretical affectations of superiority. Women, he has said in his "First Blast," are "weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish;" and yet it does not appear that he was himself any less dependent than other men upon the sympathy and affection of these weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish creatures; it seems even as if he had been rather more dependent than most.

Of those who are to act influentially on their fellows, we should expect always something large and public in their way of life, something more or less urbane and comprehensive in their sentiment for others. We should not expect to see them spend their sympathy in idylls, however beautiful. We should not seek them among those who, if they have but a wife to their bosom, ask no more of woman-kind, just as they ask no more of their own sex, if they can find a friend or two for their immediate need. They will be quick to feel all the pleasures of our association: not the great ones alone, but all. They will know not love only, but all those other ways in which man and woman mutually make each other happy — by

sympathy, by admiration, by the atmosphere they bear about them—down to the mere impersonal pleasure of passing happy faces in the street. For through all this gradation, the difference of sex makes itself pleasurably felt. Down to the most lukewarm courtesies of life, there is a special chivalry due and a special pleasure received, when the two sexes are brought ever so lightly into contact. We love our mothers otherwise than we love our fathers; a sister is not as a brother to us; and friendship between man and woman, be it never so unalloyed and innocent, is not the same as friendship between man and man. Such friendship is not even possible for all. To conjoin tenderness for a woman that is not far short of passionate with such disinterestedness and beautiful gratuity of affection as there is between friends of the same sex, requires no ordinary disposition in the man. For either it would presuppose quite womanly delicacy of perception, and, as it were, a curiosity in shades of differing sentiment; or it would mean that he had accepted the large, simple divisions of society: a strong and positive spirit robustly virtuous, who has chosen a better part coarsely, and holds to it steadfastly, with all its consequences of pain to himself and others; as one who should go straight before him on a journey, neither tempted by wayside flowers nor very scrupulous of small lives under foot. It was in virtue of this latter disposition that Knox was capable of those intimacies with women that embellish his life; and we find him preserved for us in old letters as a man of many women friends; a man of some expansion towards the other sex; a man ever ready to comfort weeping women, and to weep along with them.

Of such scraps and fragments of evidence as to his private life and more intimate thoughts as have survived to us from all the perils that environ written paper, an astonishingly large proportion is in the shape of letters to women of his familiarity. He was twice married, but that is not greatly to the purpose; for the Turk, who thinks even more meanly of women than John Knox, is none the less given to marrying. What is really significant is quite apart from marriage. For the man Knox was a true man, and woman, the *ewig-weibliche*, was as necessary to him, in spite of all low theories, as ever she was to Goethe. He came to her in a certain halo of his own, as the minister of truth, just as Goethe came to her in a glory of

art: he made himself necessary to troubled hearts and minds exercised in the painful complications that naturally result from all changes in the world's way of thinking; and those whom he had thus helped became dear to him, and were made the chosen companions of his leisure if they were at hand, or encouraged and comforted by letter if they were afar.

It must not be forgotten that Knox had been a presbyter of the old Church: and that the many women whom we shall see gathering around him, as he goes through life, had probably been accustomed, while still in the communion of Rome, to rely much upon some chosen spiritual director, so that the intimacies of which I propose to offer some account, while testifying to a good heart in the reformer, testify also to a certain survival of the spirit of the confessional in the Reformed Church, and are not properly to be judged without this idea. There is no friendship so noble, but it is the product of the time; and a world of little finical observances, and little frail proprieties and fashions of the hour, go to make or to mar, to stint or to perfect, the union of spirits the most loving, and the most intolerant of such interference. The trick of the country and the age steps in even between the mother and her child, counts out their caresses upon niggardly fingers and says, in the voice of authority, that this one thing shall be a matter of confidence between them, and this other thing shall not. And thus it is that we must take into reckoning whatever tended to modify the social atmosphere, in which Knox and his women friends met, and loved and trusted each other. To the man who had been their priest and was now their minister, women would be able to speak with a confidence quite impossible in these latter days: the women would be able to speak, and the man to hear. It was a beaten road just then; and I dare say we should be no less scandalized at their plain speech than they, if they could come back to earth, would be offended at our waltzes and worldly fashions. This, then, was the footing on which Knox stood with his many women friends. The reader will see, as he goes on, how much of warmth, of interest, and of that happy mutual dependence which is the very gist of friendship, he contrived to ingraft upon this somewhat dry relationship of penitent and confessor.

It must be understood that we know nothing of his intercourse with women (as indeed we know little at all about his life) until he came to Berwick in 1549, when

he was already in the forty-fifth year of his age. At the same time it is just possible that some of a little group at Edinburgh, with whom he corresponded during his last absence, may have been friends of an older standing. Certainly they were, of all his female correspondents, the least personally favoured. He treats them throughout in a comprehensive sort of spirit, that must at times have been a little wounding. Thus, he remits one of them to his former letters, "which I trust be common betwixt you and the rest of our sisters, for to me you are all equal in Christ." \* Another letter is a gem in this way. "Albeit," it begins, "albeit I have no particular matter to write unto you, beloved sister, yet I could not refrain to write these few lines to you in declaration of my remembrance of you. True it is that I have many whom I bear in equal remembrance before God with you, to whom at present I write nothing, either for that I esteem them stronger than you, and therefore they need the less my rude labours, or else because they have not provoked me by their writing to recompense their remembrance." † His "sisters in Edinburgh" had evidently to "provoke" his attention pretty constantly; nearly all his letters are, on the face of them, answers to questions, and the answers are given with a certain crudity that I do not find repeated when he writes to those he really cares for. So when they consult him about women's apparel (a subject on which his opinion may be pretty correctly imagined by the ingenious reader for himself) he takes occasion to anticipate some of the most offensive matter of the "First Blast" in a style of real brutality.‡ It is not merely that he tells them "the garments of women do declare their weakness and inability to execute the office of man," though that in itself is neither very wise nor very opportune in such a correspondence, one would think; but if the reader will take the trouble to wade through the long, tedious sermon for himself, he will see proof enough that Knox neither loved, nor very deeply respected, the women he was then addressing. In very truth, I believe these Edinburgh sisters simply bored him. He had a certain interest in them as his children in the Lord; they were continually "provoking him by their writing;" and, if they handed his letters about, writing to them was as good a form of publication as was

\* Works, iv. 244.

† Ibid. 245.

‡ Ibid. 225.

then open to him in Scotland. There is one letter, however, in this budget, addressed to the wife of Clerk-Register Mackgil, which is worthy of some further mention. The clerk-register had not opened his heart, it would appear, to the preaching of the gospel, and Mrs. Mackgil has written, seeking the reformer's prayers in his behalf. "Your husband," he answers, "is dear to me for that he is a man indued with some good gifts, but more dear, for that he is your husband. Charity moveth me to thirst his illumination, both for his comfort and for the trouble which you sustain by his coldness, which justly may be called infidelity." He wishes her, however, not to hope too much; he can promise that his prayers will be earnest, but not that they will be effectual; it is possible that this is to be her "cross" in life; that "her head, appointed by God for her comfort, should be her enemy." And if this be so, well, there is nothing for it: "with patience she must abide God's merciful deliverance," taking heed only that she does not "obey manifest iniquity for the pleasure of any mortal man."\* I conceive this epistle would have given a very modified sort of pleasure to the clerk-register had it chanced to fall into his hands. Compare its tenour — the dry resignation not without a hope of merciful deliverance, therein recommended — with these words from another letter written but the year before to two married women of London: "Call first for grace by Jesus, and thereafter communicate with your faithful husbands, and then shall God, I doubt not, conduct your footsteps, and direct your counsels to His glory."† Here the husbands are put in a very high place; we can recognize here the same hand that has written for our instruction how the man is set above the woman, even as God above the angels. But the point of the distinction is plain. For Clerk-Register Mackgil was not a faithful husband; displayed, indeed, towards religion a "coldness which justly might be called infidelity." We shall see in more notable instances, how much Knox's conception of the duty of wives varies according to the zeal and orthodoxy of the husband.

As I have said, he may possibly have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Mackgil, Mrs. Guthrie, or some other, or all, of these Edinburgh friends, while he was still Douglas of Longniddry's private tu-

tor. But our certain knowledge begins in 1549. He was then but newly escaped from his captivity in France, after pulling an oar for nineteen months on the benches of the galley "Nostre Dame;" now up the rivers, holding stealthy intercourse with other Scottish prisoners in the castle of Rouen; now out in the North-Sea, raising his sick head to catch a glimpse of the far-off steeples of St. Andrews. And now he was sent down by the English Privy Council as a preacher to Berwick-upon-Tweed; somewhat shaken in health by all his hardships, full of pains and agues, and tormented by gravel, that sorrow of great men: altogether, what with his romantic story, his weak health, and his great faculty of eloquence, a very natural object for the sympathy of devout women. At this happy juncture he fell into the company of a Mrs. Elizabeth Bowes, wife of Richard Bowes, of Aske, in Yorkshire, to whom she had borne twelve children. She was a religious hypochondriac, a very weariful woman, full of doubts and scruples, and giving no rest on earth either to herself or to those whom she honoured with her confidence. From the first time she heard Knox preach she formed a high opinion of him, and was solicitous, ever after, of his society.\* Nor was Knox unresponsive. "I have always delighted in your company," he writes, "and when labours would permit, you know I have not spared hours to talk and commune with you." Often when they had met in depression, he reminds her, "God hath sent great comfort unto both."† We can gather from such letters as are yet extant, how close and continuous was their intercourse. "I think it best you remain till the morrow," he writes once, "and so shall we commune at large at afternoon. This day you know to be the day of my study and prayer unto God; yet if your trouble be intolerable, or if you think my presence may release your pain, do as the spirit shall move you. . . . Your messenger found me in bed, after a sore trouble and most dolorous night; and so dolour may complain to dolour when we two meet. . . . And this is more plain than ever I spoke, to let you know you have a companion in trouble."‡ Once, we have the curtain raised for a moment, and can look at the two together, for the length of a phrase. "After the writing of this preceding," writes Knox, "your brother and mine, Harrie Wycliffe, did advertise me by writing, that your adversary (the

\* Works, iv. 245.

† Ibid. 221.

\* Works, vi. 514.

† Ibid. iii. 338.

‡ Ibid. 352, 353.

devil) took occasion to trouble you because that I did start back from you rehearsing your infirmities. I remember myself so to have done, and that is my common consuetude when anything pierceth or toucheth my heart. Call to your mind what I did standing at the cupboard at Alnwick. In very deed I thought that no creature had been tempted as I was; and when I heard proceed from your mouth the very same words that he troubles me with, I did wonder and from my heart lament your sore trouble, knowing in myself the dolour thereof.\* Now intercourse of so very close a description, whether it be religious intercourse or not, is apt to displease and disquiet a husband; and we know incidentally from Knox himself that there was some little scandal about his intimacy with Mrs. Bowes. "The slander and fear of men," he writes, "has impeded me to exercise my pen so oft as I would; yea, very shame hath holden me from your company, when I was most surely persuaded that God had appointed me at that time to comfort and feed your hungry and afflicted soul. God in His infinite mercy," he goes on, "remove not only from me all fear that tendeth not to godliness, but from others suspicion to judge of me otherwise than it becometh one member to judge of another."† And the scandal, such as it was, would not be allayed by the dissension in which Mrs. Bowes seems to have lived with her family upon the matter of religion, and the countenance shown by Knox to her resistance. Talking of these conflicts, and her courage against "her own flesh and most inward affections; yea, against some of her most natural friends," he writes it "to the praise of God, he has wondered at the bold constancy which he has found in her when his own heart was faint."‡

Now, perhaps in order to stop scandalous mouths, perhaps out of a desire to bind the much-loved evangelist nearer to her in the only manner possible, Mrs. Bowes conceived the scheme of marrying him to her fifth daughter, Marjorie; and the reformer seems to have fallen in with it readily enough. It seems to have been believed in the family, that the whole matter had been originally made up between these two, with no very spontaneous inclination on the part of the bride.§ Knox's idea of marriage, as I have said, was not the same for all men; but on the whole, it

was not lofty. We have a curious letter of his, written at the request of Queen Mary, to the Earl of Argyle, on very delicate household matters; which, as he tells us, "was not well accepted of the said earl."\* We may suppose, however, that his own home was regulated in a similar spirit. I can fancy that for such a man, emotional, and with a need, now and again, to exercise parsimony in emotions not strictly needful, something a little mechanical, something hard and fast and clearly understood, would enter into his ideal of a home. There were storms enough without, and equability was to be desired at the fireside even at a sacrifice of deeper pleasures. So, from a wife, of all women, he would not ask much. One letter to her which has come down to us is, I had almost said, conspicuous for coldness.† He calls her, as he called other female correspondents, "dearly beloved sister;" the epistle is doctrinal, and nearly the half of it bears, not upon her own case, but upon that of her mother. However, we know what Heine wrote in his wife's album; and there is, after all, one passage that may be held to intimate some tenderness, although even that admits of an amusingly opposite construction. "I think," he says, "I think this be the first letter I ever wrote to you." This, if we are to take it literally, may pair off with the "two or three children" whom Montaigne mentions having lost at nurse; the one is as eccentric in a lover as the other in a parent. Nevertheless, he displayed more energy in the course of his troubled wooing than might have been expected. The whole Bowes family, angry enough already at the influence he had obtained over the mother, set their faces obdurately against the match. And I daresay the opposition quickened his inclination. I find him writing to Mrs. Bowes that she need no further trouble herself about the marriage; it should now be his business altogether; it behoved him now to jeopard his life "for the comfort of his own flesh, both fear and friendship of all earthly creature laid aside."‡ This is a wonderfully chivalrous utterance for a reformer forty-eight years old; and it compares well with the leaden coquetties of Calvin, not much over thirty, taking this and that into consideration, weighing together dowries and religious qualifications and the instancy of friends, and exhibiting what M. Bungener calls "an honourable and Christian difficulty"

\* Works, iii. 350.

† Ibid. 390, 391.

‡ Ibid. 142.

§ Ibid. 378.

\* Works, ii. 379.

† Ibid. iii. 39.

‡ Ibid. 376.

of choice, in frigid indecisions and insincere proposals. But Knox's next letter is in a humbler tone; he has not found the negotiation so easy as he fancied; he despairs of the marriage altogether, and talks of leaving England, — regards not "what country consumes his wicked carcass." "You shall understand," he says, "that this sixth of November, I spoke with Sir Robert Bowes" (the head of the family, his bride's uncle) "in the matter you know, according to your request; whose disdainful, yea, despightful, words hath so pierced my heart that my life is bitter to me. I bear a good countenance with a sore troubled heart, because he that ought to consider matters with a deep judgment, is become not only a despiser, but also a taunter of God's messengers — God be merciful unto him! Amongst others his most displeasing words, while that I was about to have declared my heart in the whole matter, he said, 'Away with your rhetorical reasons! for I will not be persuaded with them.' God knows I did use no rhetoric nor coloured speech; but would have spoken the truth, and that in most simple manner. I am not a good orator in my own cause; but what he would not be content to hear of me, God shall declare to him one day to his displeasure, unless he repent."\* Poor Knox, you see, is quite commoved. It has been a very unpleasant interview. And as it is the only sample that we have of how things went with him during his courtship, we may infer that the period was not as agreeable for Knox as it has been for some others.

However, when once they were married, I imagine he and Marjorie Bowes hit it off together comfortably enough. The little we know of it may be brought together in a very short space. She bore him two sons. He seems to have kept her pretty busy, and depended on her to some degree in his work; so that when she fell ill, his papers got at once into disorder.† Certainly she sometimes wrote to his dictation; and, in this capacity, he calls her "his left hand."‡ In June 1559, at the headiest moment of the reformation in Scotland, he writes regretting the absence of his helpful colleague, Goodman, "whose presence" (this is the not very grammatical form of his lament) "whose presence I more thirst, than she that is my own flesh."§ And this, considering

the source and the circumstances, may be held as evidence of a very tender sentiment. He tells us himself in his history, on the occasion of a certain meeting at the Kirk of Field, that "he was in no small heaviness by reason of the late death of his dear bedfellow, Marjorie Bowes."\* Calvin, condoling with him, speaks of her as "a wife whose like is not to be found everywhere" (that is very like Calvin), and again, as "the most delightful of wives."§ We know what Calvin thought desirable in a wife, "good humour, chastity, thrift, patience, and solicitude for her husband's health," and so we may suppose that the first Mrs. Knox fell not far short of this ideal.

The actual date of the marriage is uncertain; but by September 1566, at the latest, the reformer was settled in Geneva with his wife. There is no fear either that he will be dull; even if the chaste, thrifty, patient Marjorie should not altogether occupy his mind, he need not go out of the house to seek more female sympathy; for behold! Mrs. Bowes is duly domesticated with the young couple. Dr. M'Crie imagined that Richard Bowes was now dead, and his widow, consequently, free to live where she would; and where could she go more naturally than to the house of a married daughter? This, however, is not the case. Richard Bowes did not die till at least two years later. It is impossible to believe that he approved of his wife's desertion, after so many years of marriage, after twelve children had been born to them; and accordingly we find in his will, dated 1558, no mention either of her or of Knox's wife.† This is plain sailing. It is easy enough to understand the anger of Bowes against this interloper, who had come into a quiet family, married the daughter in spite of the father's opposition, alienated the wife from the husband and the husband's religion, supported her in a long course of resistance and rebellion, and, after years of intimacy, already too close and tender for any jealous spirit to behold without resentment, carried her away with him at last into a foreign land. But it is not quite easy to understand how, except out of sheer weariness and disgust, he was ever brought to agree to the arrangement. Nor is it easy to square the reformer's conduct with his public teaching. We have, for instance, a letter addressed by him, Craig, and Spottiswood, to the Arch-

\* Works, iii. 378.

† Ibid. vi. 104.

‡ Ibid. v. 5.

§ Ibid. vi. 27.

\* Works, ii. 138.

† Mr. Laing's preface to the sixth volume of Knox's works, p. lxii.

bishops of Canterbury and York, anent "a wicked and rebellious woman," one Anne Good, spouse to "John Barron, a minister of Christ Jesus his evangel," who, "after great rebellion shown unto him, and divers admonitions given, as well by himself as by others in his name, that she should in no wise depart from this realm, nor from his house without his license, hath not the less stubbornly and rebelliously departed, separated herself from his society, left his house, and withdrawn herself from this realm." \* Perhaps some sort of license was extorted, as I have said, from Richard Bowes, weary with years of domestic dissension; but, setting that aside, the words employed with so much righteous indignation by Knox, Craig, and Spottiswood, to describe the conduct of that wicked and rebellious woman, Mrs. Barron, would describe nearly as exactly the conduct of the religious Mrs. Bowes. It is a little bewildering, until we recollect the distinction between faithful and unfaithful husbands; for Barron was "a minister of Christ Jesus his evangel," while Richard Bowes, besides being own brother to a despiser and taunter of God's messengers, is shrewdly suspected to have been "a bigoted adherent of the Roman Catholic faith," or, as Knox himself would have expressed it, "a rotten Papist."

You would have thought that Knox was now pretty well supplied with female society. But we are not yet at the end of the roll. The last year of his sojourn in England had been spent principally in London, where he was resident as one of the chaplains of Edward the Sixth; and here he boasts, although a stranger, he had, by God's grace, found favour before many. † The godly women of the metropolis made much of him; once he writes to Mrs. Bowes that her last letter had found him closeted with three, and he and the three women were all in tears. ‡ Out of all, however, he had chosen two. "God," he writes to them, "*brought us in such familiar acquaintance, that your hearts were incensed and kindled with a special care over me, as the mother useth to be over her natural child*;" and my heart was opened and compelled in your presence to be more plain than ever I was to any." § And out of the two even he had chosen one, Mrs. Anne Locke, wife to Mr. Harry Locke, merchant, nigh to Bow Kirke, Cheapside, in London, as the address runs.

If one may venture to judge upon such imperfect evidence, this was the woman he loved best. I have a difficulty in quite forming to myself an idea of her character. She may have been one of the three tearful visitors before alluded to; she may even have been that one of them who was so profoundly moved by some passages of Mrs. Bowes's letter, which the reformer opened, and read aloud to them before they went. "O would to God," cried this impressionable matron, "would to God that I might speak with that person, for I perceive there are more tempted than I." \* This *may* have been Mrs. Locke, as I say; but even if it were, we must not conclude from this one fact that she was such another as Mrs. Bowes. All the evidence tends the other way. She was a woman of understanding, plainly, who followed political events with interest, and to whom Knox thought it worth while to write, in detail, the history of his trials and successes. She was religious, but without that morbid perversity of spirit that made religion so heavy a burthen for the poor-hearted Mrs. Bowes. More of her I do not find, save testimony to the profound affection that united her to the reformer. So we find him writing to her from Geneva, in such terms as these:—"You write that your desire is earnest to see me. *Dear sister, if I should express the thirst and languor which I have had for your presence, I should appear to pass measure. . . . Yea, I weep and rejoice in remembrance of you*;" but that would vanish by the comfort of your presence, which I assure you is so dear to me, that if the charge of this little flock here, gathered together in Christ's name, did not impede me, my coming should prevent my letter." † I say that this was written from Geneva; and yet you will observe that it is no consideration for his wife or mother-in-law, only the charge of his little flock, that keeps him from setting out forthwith for London, to comfort himself with the dear presence of Mrs. Locke. Remember that was a certain plausible enough pretext for Mrs. Locke to come to Geneva—"the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles"—for we are now under the reign of that "horrible monster Jezebel of England," when a lady of good orthodox sentiments was better out of London. It was doubtful, however, whether this was to be. She was detained

\* Works, vi. 534.

† Ibid. iv. 220.

‡ Ibid. iii. 380.

§ Ibid. iv. 220.

\* Works, iii. 380.

† Ibid. iv. 238.

in England, partly by circumstances unknown, "partly by empire of her head," Mr. Harry Locke, the Cheapside merchant. It is somewhat humorous to see Knox struggling for resignation, now that he has to do with a faithful husband (for Mr. Harry Locke was faithful). Had it been otherwise, "in my heart," he says, "I could have wished — yea," here he breaks out, "yea, and cannot cease to wish — that God would guide you to this place." \* And after all, he had not long to wait, for, whether Mr. Harry Locke died in the interval, or was wearied, he too, into giving permission, five months after the date of the letter last quoted, "Mrs. Anne Locke, Harry her son, and Anne her daughter, and Katharine her maid," arrived in that perfect school of Christ, the Presbyterian paradise, Geneva. So now, and for the next two years, the cup of Knox's happiness was surely full. Of an afternoon, when the bells rang out for the sermon, the shops closed, and the good folk gathered to the churches, psalm-book in hand, we can imagine him drawing near to the English chapel in quite patriarchal fashion, with Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Bowes and Mrs. Locke, James his servant, Patrick his pupil, and a due following of children and maids. He might be alone at work all morning in his study, for he wrote much during these two years; but at night, you may be sure there was a circle of admiring women, eager to hear the new paragraph, and not sparing of applause. And what work, among others, was he elaborating at this time, but the notorious "First Blast"? So that he may have rolled out in his big pulpit voice, how women were weak, frail, impatient, feeble, foolish, inconstant, variable, cruel, and lacking the spirit of counsel, and how men were above them, even as God is above the angels, in the ears of his own wife, and the two dearest friends he had on earth. But he had lost the sense of incongruity, and continued to despise in theory the sex he honoured so much in practice, of whom he chose his most intimate associates, and whose courage he was compelled to wonder at, when his own heart was faint.

We may say that such a man was not worthy of his fortune; and so as he would not learn, he was taken away from that agreeable school, and his fellowship of women was broken up, not to be reunited. Called into Scotland to take at last that strange position in history which is his

best claim to commemoration, he was followed thither by his wife and his mother-in-law. The wife soon died. The death of her daughter did not altogether separate Mrs. Bowes from Knox, but she seems to have come and gone between his house and England. In 1562, however, we find him characterized as "a sole man by reason of the absence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes," and a passport is got for her, her man, a maid, and "three horses, whereof two shall return," as well as liberty to take all her own money with her into Scotland. This looks like a definitive arrangement; but whether she died at Edinburgh, or went back to England yet again, I cannot find. With that great family of hers, unless in leaving her husband she had quarrelled with them all, there must have been frequent occasion for her presence, one would think. Knox at least survived her; and we possess his epigraph to their long intimacy, given to the world by him in an appendix to his latest publication. I have said in a former paper that Knox was not shy of personal revelations in his published works. And the trick seems to have grown on him. To this last tract, a controversial onslaught on a Scottish Jesuit, he prefixed a prayer, not very pertinent to the matter in hand, and containing references to his family which were the occasion of some wit in his adversary's answer; and appended, what seems equally irrelevant, one of his devout letters to Mrs. Bowes, with an explanatory preface. To say truth, I believe he had always felt uneasily that the circumstances of this intimacy were very capable of misconstruction; and now, when he was an old man, taking "his good-night of all the faithful in both realms," and only desirous "that without any notable slander to the evangel of Jesus Christ, he might end his battle; for as the world was weary of him, so was he of it;" in such a spirit, it was not, perhaps, unnatural that he should return to this old story, and seek to put it right in the eyes of all men, ere he died. "Because that God," he says, "because that God now in His mercy hath put an end to the battle of my dear mother, Mistress Elizabeth Bowes, before that He put an end to my wretched life, I could not cease but declare to the world what was the cause of our great familiarity and long acquaintance; which was neither flesh nor blood, but a troubled conscience upon her part, which never suffered her to rest but when she was in the company of the faithful, of whom (from the first hearing

\* Works, iv. 240.

of the word at my mouth) she judged me to be one. . . . Her company to me was comfortable (yea, honourable and profitable, for she was to me and mine a mother), but yet it was not without some cross; for besides trouble and fashery of body sustained for her, my mind was seldom quiet, for doing somewhat for the comfort of her troubled conscience.\* He had written to her years before, from his first exile in Dieppe, that "only God's hand" could withhold him from once more speaking with her face to face; and now, when God's hand has indeed interposed, when there lies between them, instead of the voyageable straits, that great gulf over which no man can pass, this is the spirit in which he can look back upon their long acquaintance. She was a religious hypochondriac, it appears, whom, not without some cross and fashery of mind and body, he was good enough to tend. He might have given a truer character of their friendship, had he thought less of his own standing in public estimation, and more of the dead woman. But he was in all things, as Burke said of his son in that ever-memorable passage, a public creature. He wished that even into this private place of his affections posterity should follow him with a complete approval; and he was willing, in order that this might be so, to exhibit the defects of his lost friend, and tell the world what weariness he had sustained through her unhappy disposition. There is something here that reminds one of Rousseau.

I do not think he ever saw Mrs. Locke after he left Geneva; but his correspondence with her continued for three years. It may have continued longer of course, but I think the last letters we possess read like the last that would be written. Perhaps Mrs. Locke was then remarried, for there is much obscurity over her subsequent history. For as long as their intimacy was kept up, at least, the human element remains in the reformer's life. Here is one passage, for example, the most likable utterance of Knox's that I can quote. Mrs. Locke has been upbraiding him as a bad correspondent. "My remembrance of you," he answers, "is not so dead, but I trust it shall be fresh enough, albeit it be renewed by no outward token for one year. *Of nature I am churlish; yet one thing I ashame not to affirm, that familiarity once thoroughly contracted, was never yet broken on my default. The cause may be that I have*

*rather need of all, than that any hath need of me.* However it (*that*) be, it cannot be, as I say, the corporal absence of one year or two that can quench in my heart that familiar acquaintance in Christ Jesus, which half a year did engender, and almost two years did nourish and confirm. And therefore, whether I write or no, be assuredly persuaded that I have you in such memory as becometh the faithful to have of the faithful."\* This is the truest touch of personal humility that I can remember to have seen in all the five volumes of the reformer's collected works: it is no small honour to Mrs. Locke, that his affection for her should have brought home to him this unwonted feeling of dependence upon others. Everything else in the course of the correspondence testifies to a good, sound, downright sort of friendship between the two, less ecstatic than it was at first, perhaps, but serviceable and very equal. He gives her ample details as to the progress of the work of reformation; sends her the sheets of the "Confession of Faith," "in quairs," as he calls it; asks her to assist him with her prayers, to collect money for the good cause in Scotland, and to send him books for himself—books by Calvin especially, one on Isaiah, and a new revised edition of the "Institutes." "I must be bold on your liberality," he writes, "not only in that, but in greater things as I shall need."† On her part, she applies to him for spiritual advice; not after the manner of the drooping Mrs. Bowes, but in a more positive spirit; advice as to practical points, advice as to the Church of England, for instance, whose ritual he condemns as a "mingle-mangle."‡ Just at the end, she ceases to write, sends him "a token, without writing." "I understand your impediment," he answers, "and therefore I cannot complain. Yet if you understood the variety of my temptations, I doubt not but you would have written somewhat."§ One letter more, and then silence.

And I think the best of the reformer died out with that correspondence. It is after this, of course, that he wrote that ungenerous description of his intercourse with Mrs. Bowes. It is after this, also, that we come to the unlovely episode of his second marriage. He had been left a widower at the age of fifty-five. Three years after, it occurred apparently to yet

\* Works, vi. 11.

† Ibid. pp. 21, 101, 108, 130.

‡ Ibid. 83.

§ Ibid. 129.

\* Works, vi. 513, 514.

another pious parent to sacrifice a child upon the altar of his respect for the reformer. In January 1563, Randolph writes to Cecil: "Your Honour will take it for a great wonder when I shall write unto you that Mr. Knox shall marry a very near kinswoman of the duke's, a lord's daughter, a young lass not above sixteen years of age." \* He adds that he fears he will be laughed at for reporting so mad a story. And yet it was true; and on Palm Sunday 1564, Margaret Stewart, daughter of Andrew Lord Stewart, of Ochiltree, aged seventeen, was duly united to John Knox, minister of St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, aged fifty-nine: to the great disgust of Queen Mary from family pride, and I would fain hope of many others for more humane considerations. "In this," as Randolph says, "I wish he had done otherwise." The consistory of Geneva, "that most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the Apostles," were wont to forbid marriages on the ground of too great a disproportion in age. I cannot help wondering whether the old reformer's conscience did not uneasily remind him, now and again, of this good custom of his religious metropolis, as he thought of the two-and-forty years that separated him from his poor bride. Fitly enough, we hear nothing of the second Mrs. Knox until she appears at her husband's deathbed, eight years after. She bore him three daughters in the interval; and I suppose the poor child's martyrdom was made as easy for her as might be. She was "extremely attentive to him" at the end, we read; and he seems to have spoken to her with some confidence. Moreover, and this is very characteristic, he had copied out for her use a little volume of his own devotional letters to other women.

This is the end of the roll, unless we add to it Mrs. Adamson, who had delighted much in his company "by reason that she had a troubled conscience," and whose deathbed is commemorated at some length in the pages of his history.†

And now, looking back, it cannot be said that Knox's intercourse with women was quite of the highest sort. It is characteristic that we find him more alarmed for his own reputation, than for the reputation of the women with whom he was familiar. There was a fatal preponderance of self in all his intimacies: many

women came to learn from him, but he never condescended to become a learner in his turn. And so there is not anything idyllic in these intimacies of his; and they were never so renovating to his spirit as they might have been. But I believe they were good enough for the women. I fancy the women knew what they were about when so many of them followed after Knox. It is not simply because a man is always fully persuaded that he knows the right from the wrong and sees his way plainly through the maze of life, great qualities as these are, that people will love and follow him, and write him letters full of their "earnest desire for him" when he is absent. It is not over a man, whose one characteristic is grim fixity of purpose, that the hearts of women are "incensed and kindled with a special care," as it were over their natural children. In the strong quiet patience of all his letters to the weariful Mrs. Bowes, we may perhaps see one cause of the fascination he possessed for these religious women. Here was one whom you could besiege all the year round with inconsistent scruples and complaints; you might write to him on Thursday that you were so elated it was plain the devil was deceiving you, and again on Friday that you were so depressed it was plain God had cast you off forever; and he would read all this patiently and sympathetically, and give you an answer in the most reassuring polysyllables, and all divided into heads — who knows? — like a treatise on divinity. And then, those easy tears of his. There are some women who like to see men crying; and here was this great-voiced, bearded man of God, who might be seen beating the solid pulpit every Sunday, and casting abroad his clamorous denunciations to the terror of all, and who on the Monday would sit in their parlours by the hour, and weep with them over their manifold trials and temptations. Nowadays, he would have to drink a dish of tea with all these penitents. . . . It sounds a little vulgar: as the past will do, if we look into it too closely. We could not let these great folk of old into our drawing-rooms. Queen Elizabeth would positively not be eligible for a housemaid. The old manners and the old customs go sinking from grade to grade, until, if some mighty emperor revisited the glimpses of the moon, he would not find any one of his way of thinking, any one he could strike hands with and talk to freely and without offence, save perhaps the porter at the end of the street, or the fellow

\* Works, vi. 532.

† Ibid. i. 246.

with his elbows out who loafs all day before the public house. So that this little note of vulgarity is not a thing to be dwelt upon: it is to be put away from us, as we recall the fashion of these old intimacies; so that we may only remember Knox as one who was very long-suffering with women, kind to them in his own way, loving them in his own way—and that not the worst way, if it was not the best—and once at least, if not twice, moved to his heart of hearts by a woman, and giving expression to the yearning he had for her society in words that none of us need be ashamed to borrow.

And let us bear in mind always, that the period I have gone over in this essay begins when the reformer was already beyond the middle age, and already broken in bodily health: it has been the story of an old man's friendships. This it is that makes Knox enviable. Unknown until past forty, he had then before him five-and-thirty years of splendid and influential life, passed through uncommon hardships to an uncommon degree of power, lived in his own country as a sort of king, and did what he would with the sound of his voice out of the pulpit. And besides all this, such a following of faithful women! One would take the first forty years gladly, if one could be sure of the last thirty. Most of us, even if, by reason of great strength and the dignity of grey hairs, we retain some degree of public respect in the latter days of our existence, will find a falling away of friends, and a solitude making itself round about us day by day, until we are left alone with the hired sick-nurse. For the attraction of a man's character is apt to be outlived, like the attraction of his body; and the power to love grows feeble in its turn, as well as the power to inspire love in others. It is only with a few rare natures that friendship is added to friendship, love to love, and the man keeps growing richer in affection—richer, I mean, as a bank may be said to grow richer, both giving and receiving more—after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From Temple Bar.  
THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

"SAINTIS is married!"

The news flew from one to the other, and was received with every degree of incredulity, amusement, astonishment and

dismay, according to the character of the hearer.

For, if music, understood as a science as well as an art, in its severest and most abstract form, was to be considered as a religion, then Camille Saintis was its high priest, and he had by the fact of his ministry condemned himself—at least his friends averred that he had—to celibacy.

"Not more than six weeks ago," exclaimed a young man with dreamy eyes and wild hair, a composer himself, "not more than six weeks ago, at our monthly dinner, Saintis delivered himself of a speech in his very best style of eloquence: 'Feminine influence is the bane of our modern civilization; it degrades art—makes it the slave of amorous sentimentality; painting, sculpture, poetry, are lost through it; let music at least, the purest and most immaterial of arts, make the effort to shake off this baneful and ever-encroaching influence. If those composers who should be our masters, men of real talent, have debased music in France, let us of the young school try to keep it at such a level that —'"

"That no one," interrupted the youngest of the band, "will be able to make anything out of it but noise and a jangle of sounds. Oh, Wagner! thou hast much to answer for."

"My dear Durand, you are but a painter, and therefore a profane outsider."

"But the marriage—let us hear about the marriage!" called out several young men.

"Profane outsider though I am," retorted Durand the painter, "I can probably tell you more about Saintis and his wife than any of you dotters of music-paper. I had the story from an eye-witness."

"Out with it!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"You know as well as I, that Saintis has a mother, living in a provincial town, whose principal purpose in life, ever since her son's beard appeared, was to see him married. Saintis, in his supreme devotion to his art, as a matter of course always rebelled. However, it seems that at last the old lady's eloquence prevailed. Saintis consented to let himself be married, but he laid down his conditions in a truly characteristic way. Instantly the mother began her search after a model daughter-in-law. This is what she found: a young girl of eighteen, an orphan—our friend's first condition was that he should have no mother-in-law—brought up by an old aunt, in a dull routine of life; beside this, a modest but snug dowry; good-look-

ing enough, and fond of music. When all the preliminary arrangements had been made, Saintis, between two concert-days, found time to go and see his intended. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'my mother has probably told you that I have no time, absolutely no time to pay my court to you. I love my art; I am absorbed in it. Very likely I shall not make a very amusing husband, so you had better think the matter over before deciding to take me in that capacity. Perhaps, when the summer season comes, and there are no more concerts or musical evenings, perhaps then I may find time to devote myself a little to you; but even then I write. Oh! I write all the time. I am not a bad fellow, you know; I have every desire to please you, in as far as it does not interfere with my music; for instance, if you like, I will take you to the concerts; there are the concerts of the pure harmonists, those of the anti-melodists, those of the severe counter-basists; all are exceedingly interesting to the lovers of musical progress. You will see quite a number of women there; not that they, for the most part, are real lovers of musical progress, but because concert-going has become the fashion. Yes, I shall certainly be willing to take you out with me in the evening; you must not expect me to sit by you, however, for when I hear music I must be at liberty. You see I am frank; it is best so. I must have quiet in my home; I could not stand scenes of recrimination, tears would make me nervous. When you have thought all this over, you can give your answer to my mother; if it is favourable, I shall be delighted of course, only you must arrange everything between you, without consulting me; then you will let me know when I am to come down for the ceremony. Oh! never fear, I shall be sure to be in time—provided, naturally, that it does not come at a moment of particular interest. And, ah! yes, I knew that there was something else; I am told that you have musical tastes. Now I feel bound to tell you that I hold the music of young ladies in profound horror; my nerves cannot stand it. It sounds brutal to say so, does it not now? but it is my duty, as an honourable man, to tell you everything very clearly beforehand—'

Durand stopped for want of breath.

'The brute! and after all that, she accepted him—they are actually married—the wedding took place?'

'Actually married, legally and religiously, just five days since. What could you expect? The girl was not happy with her

aunt, it seems—the prospect of living in Paris is always tempting to a provincial; probably her friends reasoned with her; all that, added to an old romantic idea that she was born to be an artist's wife, probably decided her. Besides, Saintis, in spite of the brutality of his language, looks the very picture of good-nature, and we all know that his looks do not belie him; he is by no means an ugly fellow, and probably compared favourably with the men she had hitherto seen. I feel certain that Saintis won't miss Mme. Vernier's next Thursday evening—he was at her last. I shall certainly be there too!'

With one accord the friends agreed to meet in Mme. Vernier's *salon* the following Thursday evening.

Mme. Vernier was the queen of a certain musical society in Paris: she was a woman of great intelligence, who in her youth had possessed a superb voice; by her marriage she had attained a very solid social position, and it was not to be wondered at, if all there was of young and original talent circled around her. As a rule she did not like women—she tolerated them in her *salon* as a tiresome necessity of society; her favourites were young men, those as yet unknown to fame, and whom it was her pride to discover and push forward. Saintis was one of her pets; he was never known to miss her Thursdays. Mme. Vernier, unlike most of her neighbours, had a house to herself—an old-fashioned place, without any of the pretensions of the millionaire's *hôtel* about it, but a snug comfortable house, with a bit of a garden round about it. She was a woman of great taste, and was fond of other arts beside that of music. Out of one of her two *salons*, down half-a-dozen steps, was a tiny picture-gallery; a charming nook, octagon in shape, lighted from above, and containing a dozen or two really excellent pictures. There were heavy curtains instead of doors to this delightful sanctum.

On the much-talked-of Thursday evening, half hidden by those curtains, a young woman, an evident stranger, sat silently. Saintis had placed his wife, for it was she, in that corner, after the necessary presentation to the mistress of the house, and there, shrinking more and more behind the folds of the drapery, she remained.

The reception was a very large one, and rather solemn in its character. The women, on their arrival, were all placed in one compact group, at the extreme edge of which Marthe Saintis found herself: the men, except the few privileged musi-

cians, who fluttered about the mistress of the house, were huddled together by the doors, in the window-embasures, in the antechamber; they talked to each other in awed whispers, or examined their own boots with pensive interest. As to any conversation in which men and women equally joined, in which Marthe could have admired any of the wit for which, as she had heard, Parisians were celebrated, that was out of the question.

Long-winded compositions, by future great men, succeeded each other. People yawned, but agreed dutifully that it was very fine indeed. Marthe, however, was roused from the apathy in which she had gradually fallen, when Mme. Vernier herself sang. She was no longer young, and her voice had lost not only its freshness, but its perfect sureness of intonation as well; but the method was so perfect, the power, the depth of expression, in one word, the genius, was such that the effect on the depressed company was electric. Marthe, from her corner, listened and wondered; that was how one should sing! She eagerly followed every intonation, every effect of voice; she was captivated, entranced. Those ladies who sat near her, and who had during that long evening quite ignored the silent ill-dressed young stranger, looked at her now, and were forced to acknowledge that if she was no regular beauty, her eyes were certainly fine.

"Saintis, is your wife here? Present me, that's a good fellow!"

"Yes, yes, certainly—later: we are going to have the '*Symphonie Magistrale*,'" and Saintis dashed off toward the piano. But Durand, for it was he, was an enterprising young fellow, and not to be so easily put off. He had vowed to find out what sort of person the bride really was; he had already spied her out; and the difficulties of approaching her only sharpened his wits. Quietly, during the first movement of the symphony, he slid from group to group, until he found himself close to the phalanx of ladies. The steps leading down to the picture-gallery were comparatively free, and at last, by dint of skilful manœuvring, he stood by the side of Marthe, his head about on a level with hers. Profiting by a pause in the music, the enterprising painter drew aside the drapery and said:—

"Pardon me, madame, but Saintis, who promised to present me, is too busy to keep that promise, so I have ventured to present myself. I am Ernest Durand, an intimate friend of your husband."

Marthe was dreadfully startled; she had thought herself so thoroughly hidden by the curtain on one side, and by a voluminous lady on the other, that it had never occurred to her that she could in any way be approached.

"Monsieur—I"—she stammered, blushing painfully.

She was not allowed to stammer out anything more; the voluminous lady aforesaid turned round with sudden interest.

"Is it to Madame Saintis that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, madame;" and Marthe this time blushed at hearing the unfamiliar name, rather than at the fact of being addressed.

"Now if that is not like Camille Saintis! Who would believe that I have known him since his boyhood, that his knife and fork are regularly put every Sunday at my table? He profits by the delicate attention when by chance he remembers it—that is about a dozen times a year—and with all that I have to present myself to his wife. If Saintis were like the rest of mankind, I would never speak to him again. But he is not; one passes one's life in forgiving him something or other. I trust that you, madame, are of a magnanimous turn of mind, otherwise——"

The lady did not finish her sentence, except by a very expressive nod and smile.

Marthe looked down uneasily; she was saved the necessity of answering, however, for at that moment the symphony recommenced, and silence was once more established. Durand kept his post on the step, and Mme. du Ruel, such was the voluminous lady's name, examined Marthe from behind her fan, with thorough feminine clear-sightedness. During the next pause, the young wife had regained some composure, and was able to answer the remarks of her new acquaintances with comparative ease.

"Of course you admire your husband's music above all things?" wickedly insinuated Durand, who himself, as we have seen, was a profane unbeliever in the "pure harmony" system.

"Oh yes, certainly!" answered Marthe, with a candid hesitation which delighted her two listeners. "But I should doubtless admire it much more if I could only make out exactly what he meant by it. My provincial education is sadly against me," she added, half smiling.

Marthe had a modest unaffected way of speaking about herself, which entirely disarmed criticism; Mme. du Ruel was quite won by it. It suddenly struck her that it would be a feather in her cap if she could

form and bring out "*la petite Mme. Saintis*;" there was evidently something to be made of her, so as she rose to go she said — "Of course, if your husband were like other Christians, it would be his duty to bring you to me; you ought to make your *visites de nocé* together in grand style; but since he is what he is, the thought of performing such a duty has of course never entered his head. But I want to know you, Mme. Saintis, and I mean to pay you an unceremonious visit — expect me soon — and if in the mean time you should need any service which I can render you, here is my address. I should really like to oblige you."

The musical evening at last came to an end; nearly all the guests had gone, and Marthe, in her corner, wondered whether her husband would forget her there. Durand, in telling the story, as of course he did, here, there, and everywhere, asserted that Saintis was on the point of leaving, when suddenly he exclaimed, "*Tiens!* did I not have my wife with me when I came?" in the same tone as a man exclaims, "Bless me! I was just going to forget my new umbrella!" but then Durand was a facetious young gentleman, and his stories were not always in puritanical accordance with truth.

M. Saintis, when he married, had not thought it necessary to change his apartment, or his fashion of living, or his old, ugly, cross cook, or, indeed, anything whatever. What was good enough for him must be good enough also for the little provincial schoolgirl, whom his mother had chosen to be his wife. So Marthe found herself installed in an old-fashioned house on the Ile St. Louis, facing a narrowed branch of the river, and with a cheerful view of the Morgue in the distance. The place was solitary, and very solemn. The quai itself, bordered all along with other houses, which must have looked much the same in the days of the Fronde, was rarely traversed except by the gliding figures of the old-fashioned dwellers of this forgotten quarter. The streets of the island were dingy, and the uneven paving stones were smeared with mud, of a peculiarly black and greasy kind; the small dark shops were the last resting-places of old rusty iron, and all other refuse which the gay and modern parts of Paris disdained to traffic in. Marthe, when she was forced to walk along these dirty streets, always shivered, as though she had been in a place of ill omen. The quai itself, at least, was sunshiny, and there were no rusty-iron shops

about, no shops of any kind indeed; the river rolled its sullen waters onward, with a measured rhythm; other voices there were none, save the subdued hum of distant life.

Her husband explained to Marthe that the stillness of the place was a necessity to him; then the apartment boasted two superb rooms, such as could not be found in modern Paris — lofty, with great beams supporting the ceiling; rooms admirable for sound; in these he had disposed all his artistic treasures; rich, heavy draperies, bas-reliefs, armour, odds and ends of every description, brought with him from Rome, where he had spent some years as "*grand prix*;" musical instruments, ancient and modern, were placed with great care in appropriate corners; music-books were piled one on the top of the other; loose music lay about on the chairs and tables; the piano was nearly always open; writing-materials were close at hand, in readiness for the inspiration which might seize upon the composer at an instant's notice. Such was the *salon*, library, work-room, or whatever else one might choose to call it; the draped doors opened into the equally large and lofty bedroom, so that there was plenty of space for hasty strides, when inspiration required free movements. The rest of the apartment was very small and inconvenient, but that was of very little importance, Camille said.

Everything about her new life seemed exceedingly strange to the bride. She had been accustomed to provincial ideas of neatness and order; the artistic and somewhat chaotic character of the musician's surroundings bewildered and rather scandalized her; she wanted sadly to put things to rights. Then, too, the sudden liberty in which she found herself, liberty of going out alone, without asking her aunt's permission, alarmed her; she was still so entirely a timid young girl in appearance, that in the street passers-by looked at her as though she had no right to be thus walking alone. Altogether life wore a strange aspect; she seemed to be out of place somehow — out of place especially at those famous concerts or musical *soirées* to which her husband dutifully took her, and where she felt so lonely that she had great difficulty to keep from crying. Marthe had not been brought up with romantic ideas of life; she had not been accustomed to expect much poetry in her marriage. She knew that it was the destiny of young girls to be married, just as a well-fattened chicken is destined one day to be roasted and eaten. With

her the time had come; she was married, and every one said that she, with her moderate dowry and moderate good looks, was fortunate to have been so well married. She also was quite of that opinion; still, in spite of a sensible mode of bringing up young girls, they generally succeed in nourishing, in a secret corner of their little hearts, a longing for something more than the dry bread and clear water of life. Marthe, at all events, asked for something more, and at times the craving became almost intolerable. Camille was very good to his demure, quiet, little wife; he approved of her; she was not at all in his way; indeed it was rather pleasant than otherwise to feel that she was sewing in the corner of the room while he was working at his piano; she did not want to chatter and make a fuss like most young women; she was gentle, always ready to do whatever he suggested; neat and pleasant to look at — yes, decidedly pleasant to look at: on the whole, marriage was not the bugbear he had so often pictured to himself. If he only had a little more time; well, when the concert season was well over, he certainly would find more time — not that his theories were in any way modified, oh, not at all; female influence, female fascination, must be kept out of art, or, at least, merely used as a motive power, to give the first impulsion to inspiration.

One day he was working out an idea at his piano, when by a sudden impulse he rose, and going to where Marthe sat working, kissed her, saying, dreamily, "My dear little wife!" then quickly he returned to his place. He had scarcely seemed conscious of his act, the far-away artist look was in his eyes, his voice was veiled — in a word, the inspiration was on him; only in his inspiration the thought of his wife had somehow become mixed. Marthe ceased working; a deep flush spread slowly over face and neck; eagerly she listened to the sounds from the piano. Camille sat working for an hour or more, now dotting down the notes and words — for there were words, though Marthe could not well catch their sense — now trying the development of a new idea on the piano. Finally, after a pause, during which he seemed lost in thought, he rose; his aspect was changed, taking the musician-paper he crumpled it in his hand and threw it away with the gesture of a man who is indignant with himself. He turned round, his eyes full of reproach; "Oh, Marthe!" he exclaimed, then he quickly left the room, and the young wife heard

the front door slam behind him. Marthe picked up the crumpled paper, spent all the afternoon in copying off the smeared characters as best she could; then putting her copy under lock and key, she threw back the original where she had found it. The words ran as follows: —

L'eau dans les grands lacs bleus  
Endormie  
Est le miroir des cieux:  
Mais j'aime mieux les yeux  
De ma mie.

Pour que l'ombre parfois  
Nous sourie,  
Un oiseau chante au bois:  
Mais j'aime mieux la voix  
De ma mie.

Le temps vient tout briser;  
On oublie:  
Moi, pour le mépriser  
Je ne veux qu'un baiser  
De ma mie.

On change tour à tour  
De folie:  
Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,  
Je m'en tiens à l'amour  
De ma mie.

Madame du Ruel did not forget her promise to call on Marthe; more than this, she showed herself affable, kind, familiar. Marthe was grateful, and little by little the woman of the world won the confidence of the poor, little, lonely bride.

Since that one moment of expansion, Camille had become more reserved than ever, and Marthe suffered from this coldness far more than she had done in the very beginning of their marriage. She could not tell all that was in her heart, for she did not understand it herself; but her broken confidences were indications more than sufficient for a woman of Madame du Ruel's experience.

"Of course; of course! I understand it all!" exclaimed the good lady, interrupting Marthe's disjointed confession. "Have I not seen it a hundred times? A nice little girl, carefully brought up, modest, with very proper ideas of duty, and all that sort of thing, has been told that until her marriage-day she is not to think of love — that it would not be proper for her to do so; but on that marriage-day she is suddenly to change from white to red — a sort of legerdemain trick, which is by no means easy; she, who does not even know the meaning of the word, finds that she is bound to love her husband, and what is stranger than any of M. Robert Houdin's performances, she does begin by loving him usually; she asks

nothing better, poor little soul, than to worship this man, whom she did not know two months before; to invest him with all the virtues and qualities which her ideal ought to possess. My dear, the great wonder of my life is that there should be so many good marriages in our world; it only proves that human nature is better than it is reputed to be. Sometimes, however, the experiment fails, and in those cases you will find on examination that it is nearly always through the man's fault."

"But, dear madame, I do not accuse my husband."

"Of course you do not."

"On Sunday, for instance, when from my corner in the church I listen to his playing, tears come to my eyes; his music tells me that it is my fault if he does not care for me much; I feel that a man who plays like Camille is capable of loving very deeply, and that if I were less insignificant——"

"That's right! put it all on to your own shoulders. In plain words, this is the truth: Camille is the best organist in Paris, and you are peculiarly impressionable to music—when it is not too scientific and learned; that I saw at Madame Vernier's. As to his capacities for loving, I do not really doubt them. I have known him since his boyhood, and I am not the woman to put up with all sorts of negligences, if I did not really esteem the qualities of the neglectful one; only he has theories, and theories are the worst stumbling-blocks in the way of matrimonial happiness. In the first place, he is quite willing to surrender his outer man to gentle care, to have his comforts attended to; but he guards with savage determination his inner man from your influence, because, as I have often heard him say, an artist requires interior liberty and solitude; besides, a woman takes up so much precious time. In our Paris life the differences of education of the two sexes are so great—women being taught to see all white and men to see all black, so to speak—that they have but very few points of intellectual contact or of common interest. Society is getting more and more like a funeral service, where the solemn beadle places the men on one side, the women on the other!"

Marthe listened to her new friend almost in silence. She had no theories of her own on education; she had been brought up like all the other girls about her, and it had never struck her that the system was a bad one, or, indeed, that any

other was possible. Madame du Ruel, on the contrary, was a woman who had travelled and thought more than her countrywomen usually do. She had become very sincerely interested in Marthe, and meant to make something out of her. She continued her harangue until she had completely won her new friend's confidence, and obtained a promise that she would submit to be guided. "Only, my child, never let your husband guess that it is my advice that you are following; there is no one who has the power of exciting a man's jealousy as much as his wife's female friend and adviser."

Some little time after this conversation M. Saintis was rather astonished when he discovered that his wife wished to go to a certain Madame Dupré's evening entertainment to which they were invited. Madame Dupré was the wife of a deputy—a deputy of the Left. She had pretensions to make her house a rallying-point—to be a sort of humble Madame Roland. She liked men, was a bit of a blue-stocking, and, at the same time, was gay, talkative, and as fond of dancing as of politics. It was a house which M. Saintis usually avoided with great care; the music at Madame Dupré's—for music sometimes came in as an interlude to dancing—was of a kind to make the severe musician grind his teeth.

"Why, if you wish it, Marthe, of course."

"It is a long time since I have had a dance."

"You like to dance?"

The tone in which he said those words meant much. He was rather pleased, on the whole, to discover such a weakness in his wife; it gave him a delightful sense of superiority; so with the greatest good-nature he promised to accompany her on the following Tuesday.

Music is an absorbing occupation as we all know—so absorbing to a man of Camille's disposition, that most occurrences of life passed unobserved by him; but when on the evening of the party Marthe came before him ready dressed, his abstraction gave way suddenly; he looked at his wife, as though he then saw her for the first time.

"Why, my love, how pretty you are!"

Marthe blushed and laughed softly; she knew that he would never again look upon her as a mere little provincial schoolgirl whom fate has cast upon the Paris world. Perhaps for an instant a feeling of bitterness came across her as she thought that her dreamy husband had needed the aid of a fashionably-made ball-dress to discover

that she was really good-looking as well as young; but hers was a sweet and gentle nature, so the bitterness passed at once. Marthe really did like dancing; and when she found herself in Madame Dupré's well-lighted, gay-looking rooms, her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed, so that more than one grave politician moved round to ask who that pretty, fresh-looking young woman might be. The first to come forward and claim her hand was her old acquaintance, M. Durand the painter. Camille watched his wife for a few minutes whirling around, and then turned away, to wander rather disconsolately from room to room. He was out of his element; the dance-music grated on his ears, and he felt a great contempt for the frivolous crowd in which he found himself. At last he discovered, in a lost corner, a friend, musician like himself; the two cronies fell into a learned and lengthy discussion. Suddenly the dance-music ceased; there was a hush in the heated rooms; around him every one was listening to a young thrilling voice, which rose, at first trembling, then sweet and clear, above the subsiding noises.

"What a fine voice!" exclaimed Camille's companion. "How clear! Wants training, however. Who is it?"

His friend did not answer. At first he had but a confused sense of familiarity with the music, then suddenly he recognized his own melody, thrown aside as unworthy of his artistic theories. After the first few minutes he clearly distinguished the words:—

Le temps vient tout briser;  
On oublie:  
Moi, pour le mépriser  
Je ne veux qu'un baiser  
De ma mie.

On change tour à tour  
De folie:  
Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,  
Je m'en tiens à l'amour  
De ma mie.

The burst of applause, when Marthe had finished her song, was enthusiastic; her triumph was complete. The young painter hovered around her, one of a crowd. She could scarcely answer the numberless compliments which assailed her on every side. She stood blushing—half-frightened, half-proud. Now and again she glanced quickly around, as though in search of some one, and then again the glance fell.

"Why did you not tell us before that your wife had such a splendid voice?"

asked the busy mistress of the house, who, however, had no time to wait for an answer.

"Your wife!" exclaimed the musical friend, who, being short and thick, had not been able to force his way into the principal drawing-room where the singing had taken place. "I congratulate you, my dear fellow; but by whom is the music? It is modern, of course; probably by some young man still full of freshness and illusions; he has talent, very great talent indeed, but he is on the wrong track."

"Undoubtedly," answered Saintis.

"My good friend," exclaimed Durand, coming up with the heroine of the evening on his arm, "I appeal to you! Madame Saintis will not tell us who is the author of that adorable song. Between ourselves, I suspect that it is of her own composition; if so, look out for your laurels; it is better than anything you ever wrote!"

"Camille, I am tired; I want to go home," whispered Marthe, whose bright colour had quite left her cheeks.

The dazed musician mechanically took his wife from her attentive partner, and they left the crowded, heated rooms. As they were passing out, Madame du Ruel took Marthe's hand, and pressed it encouragingly.

When husband and wife were shut up in the rattling hack, Camille at last broke the long silence, and said in a constrained voice,

"Why did you not tell me, Marthe, that you were so good a musician?"

"You gave me to understand that young ladies' music was distasteful to you; you even begged me only to practise in your absence."

"I could not guess that you had so remarkable a voice; I could still less imagine that you had been tolerably well taught."

"My teacher was a good one; then, I think, I have recently learned a good deal from hearing Madame Vernier sing."

"And—how did you manage to learn that song?"

"When you threw it aside, I took it up and copied it—I liked it so much, so very much!" Her voice trembled a little as she said this, but Camille did not seem to notice it. There was a struggle going on in his mind, and as yet the victory was doubtful. At last they arrived before the solemn old house by the narrow rapid river. The cabman, delighted at an exorbitant *pour-boire* which Camille had absently bestowed upon him, rattled away at a furious rate, and then everything returned to its usual dead quietness.

"Marthe," said Camille — "my wife — forgive me!"

He was deeply moved; he was conquered.

Eighteen months later there was great excitement in the musical world. An opera by Saintis was brought out at the Opéra Comique, and it proved to be a genuine success. The musicians praised it — the public applauded heartily the charm and grace of the melodies.

"And our musician's theories?"

"His theories!" exclaimed Durand, addressing the circle of friends assembled to talk over the affair between the acts of the first representation — "his theories! he has shown himself wise in keeping them in the background this time; they led him to nothing but failure with his first opera. He owes this evening's success, I can tell you, to an influence which is quite independent of thorough-bass."

"Oh, we know!" exclaimed several young men laughing. "You ought to remind the director to have printed on the play-bills — 'Music by M. Saintis and wife!'"

"You have been her champion from the first, Durand."

"And I do not mean to resign the post. Laugh if you will, but to me the week has no pleasanter evening than Wednesday, when all the old friends and cronies of Saintis are made welcome by his wife; to hear her sing her husband's music is a perfect delight. She is charming. But there goes the signal; it would be a pity to miss the chance of watching her face as the curtain goes up. *Au revoir!*" and he went off, humming —

On change tour à tour

De folie :

Moi, jusqu'au dernier jour,

Je m'en tiens à l'amour

De ma mie.

MARY HEALY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE MILITARY FUTURE OF GERMANY.

BY COL. CHAS. C. CHESNEY.

THOSE who would understand the exigencies of Berlin politicians, and the anxieties of Berlin strategists, must avoid the error our press has of late very generally fallen into, of treating the question of the future of Germany as though it were something that has to be discussed exclusively between herself and France. The days are altogether past when the

"duel of the nations" could mean nothing else than individual struggle between that which was, and that which now is, the new empire in Europe. All arguments and reflections that ignore the fact that there are other great empires, whose policy must seriously influence the statesmen of Germany, rest on too partial a view of the European situation to be worth earnest discussion. Yet the common belief with ourselves and our neighbours is to speak and write just as though the old dualism of western Europe had been, and would continue to be, the sole part of Continental politics that deserves anxious consideration, or that can affect Continental politicians profoundly. It will be the purpose of these pages to show that such views are altogether too limited; and that the solution of any great international problem of our time must be sought far beyond the limits of the often-repeated struggle between France and Germany.

We may illustrate this first by looking a little closely at the history of the crisis that occurred but three months since; when the utter fallacy of the popular belief that ascribed it solely to German fears of growing French strength and improved French organization, will soon become apparent. It was not without reason, certainly, that when the military advisers in Prussia strove last May to force on the war which only Russian intervention stayed, genuine astonishment was expressed by those in France as well as elsewhere, who knew how utterly unfit she was to cope with her old rival, and how impossible of execution the hopes of early revenge attributed to Frenchmen are. This sentiment has naturally not been lessened by the recent discussions on the exact strength of French armaments. And many persons, reasoning from what lies on the surface only, and assuming with truth that facts obvious to a chance observer of things in France cannot possibly be hid from the watchful observance of Berlin, declare their belief that as Count Moltke could have nothing to fear from the French army, the designs imputed to him in May on authority which is hardly controvertible, could never have actually existed. Now the premisses of this argument are all sound enough. France really has not under arms three-fourths of the peace establishment of her warlike neighbour. It is only within the last month that her war-office has taken the first step towards training even the first instalment of the

future reserve that is to fill it up to a field army; whilst every German reservist is trained and ready for his place at call. Her territorial army exists solely on paper. Her armament is incomplete. Her supply of stores is utterly inadequate to the exigencies of a great campaign. In short, if forced into the struggle now, she would undoubtedly enter it under far less favourable conditions than those of 1870 as regards her own part: whilst the German forces would not only be strengthened by the prestige of victory, and the advantage of experience on their side, but would be found more complete and fit throughout at every point than was the case five years ago; for to make them so has been the object of unwearied and able administrators, supported by an enthusiastic nation, and supplied with almost unlimited funds. And all this contrast is fully known and carefully studied in the giant bureau on the Thier-Garten, where military science, trained to approach mathematical precision, has concentrated all the material that brain-work can create to make military predominance once gained a constant possession. But when all this is granted, it is none the less an error to assume that there could have been no wish or desire to force France three months since against her will into the unequal contest that should end in her absolute prostration; or to dispute that war would almost certainly have been unscrupulously produced but that Prince Bismarck had but little immediately to gain by it, and Russia much to lose.

Yet those who reason that the thing could not have occurred would speak with justice, if Germany and France were alone of any account in Europe. Their mistake is in forgetting that the new empire which now throws its shadow across the Continent is after all but one of four great powers of the first class, among whom the military supremacy of the world is, and long has been, distributed. They forget above all that although two of these have succumbed to Prussian arms in decisive single combat, there remains one which still believes, or tries to believe herself fully a match for the victor. Stranger than all, those who talk so much of the lessons of Jena, of Stein's and Scharnhorst's skill in breathing new life into the crushed soul of their country, and of the sudden reversal of defeat which followed the address of Frederick William and the song of Arndt, ignore entirely the conditions under which Prussia drew the sword in the war of independence. What would have been but

desperate and foolish in her had she stood alone, was hopeful and just in the then state of Europe. Russia was pouring into Poland the heavy legions unwearied with their task of chasing the French eagles westward. English ships lay before each German port ready to cover the entry of English agents bringing English arms and subsidies. Austria, occupying by her central geographical position the whole flank of the future theatre of war, was arming slowly and secretly with the design already formed of striking in and turning the struggle hopelessly against Napoleon, should he prove, as he did prove, unable to strike down the northern allies in his first fierce onset. Even dull Catholic Bavaria, which owed so much of seeming grandeur to France, was already looking forward to the day when she could safely turn her arms against the hated protector of the Rhenish Confederation, and carry its lesser members with her. There is a present fashion, both in and out of Germany, of speaking of Blücher and Gneisenau as leading the Prussians on to victory in 1813. The army which Blücher actually led, and Gneisenau guided, to that terrible overthrow of Macdonald on the Katzbach, which was the presage of his master's greater disaster on the Elster—was in reality very largely composed of Russians, placed under the old German hero no less from sound motives of policy, than out of respect for his genuine fighting power. In brief, it was only as one member of a great alliance that Prussia rose from her humiliation to fresh grandeur—to power in Europe beyond that achieved by Frederick, won by victories that threw even Frederick's into the shade.

Is this a lesson that Frederick's successors are likely to ignore, when men talk of a new Jena, and its teachings, and apply the words to Prussia's ancient enemy? Far from it. Those that weigh the contingencies of European politics as they affect Berlin, and strive to forecast their future turns, are men essentially of historic minds, though gifted with the power of grasping the conditions of the days they live in. Neither Prince Bismarck nor Count Moltke are likely to fall into the vulgar belief that the next serious Continental crisis must inevitably be but a repetition of the last, a duel between Germany and France, with the latter thoroughly overweighed. The very haste lately shown to bring it on in this special shape proved their conviction that it could entail no serious danger to the empire, and that such could come only when

France had had time to form a league with others whose object it would be to humble Germany in her turn. France, the possible ally of Germany's new antagonist, not France the present enemy, was the key to that skilful mixture of hectoring with pretended fear which deceived not only other nations, but the sober-minded Germans themselves, the balance of whose reasoning power the intoxication of conquest has unsettled.

This being so, it becomes all important to inquire what are the future possibilities against which German statesmen and strategists feel themselves thus urged to provide, even at the cost of present wrongdoing. The new empire has not a friend in Europe; and no one asserts this more plainly than its own chief organs. Is it forced, therefore, to contemplate the dreadful issue of an indignant Continent rising up against it as one man, as against the Napoleonic empire when once the failure before Moscow turned the tide of its successes? No, indeed. Obnoxious as Germany has made herself in Scandinavia by her cynical contempt for treaties in the matter of Schleswig; feared as she is in Switzerland and in Austria for what the patriots of those countries think her insolent pretensions to the allegiance of all that use her tongue; dreaded in Holland and Belgium for her greed of ports and colonies and commerce; coldly disliked by Russia as the new barrier to all ambitious Muscovite policy that tends westward; it is in France alone, where the iron yoke of subjection entered into men's souls, that she is hated with something like the bitterness of personal loathing which Germans felt towards France in days of old Napoleonic sway. And, besides the difference of sentiment, there is a vast difference, too often overlooked, in the military situation. The central geographical position of Germany, if laying her apparently open to attack from many quarters, and giving her, as her war-office is wont to plead, a vast length of frontier to defend, vaster by far than that of any other country but Austria, is in truth greatly favourable to her as against a general combination. Those lesser powers which at times please themselves with the saying of Count Moltke, that it would take one or two army-corps to look after a single one of them if hostile, would, in truth, if declaring against Germany, be so separated by their supposed antagonist that neither one of them, nor all combined, could possibly affect the course of a fresh struggle. If venturing to draw the sword against

her, they would but give occupation to some of the best troops of the second line she is now preparing under her new Land-sturm law. And certainly whilst Holland and Denmark keep their proposed army reforms, as is the case up to the present time, wholly in the style of paper project; and Switzerland and Sweden trust to militia; while Belgium shows herself the only one of these lesser powers prepared to sacrifice commercial demands and party aspirations in the smallest degree to military necessities; so long may we be sure that Germany might be at war with one and all to-morrow without deducting a man from the field army with which she would carry on the struggle with more formidable foes.

Italy is the hardest of all the European countries to judge of as effects their general future as a whole. But it is sufficient here to say that her isolated geographical position, her urgent financial necessities, her general need of time to consolidate the national elements divided for many centuries — all make it so extremely improbable that she would be tempted to indulge in a great war for any cause less than that of self-preservation, that she may be left out of our present view. Certainly she cannot affect the present policy of Berlin, nor of those other cabinets with which that of Berlin is chiefly concerned.

Putting France then for the present altogether aside, for the very sufficient reasons already given, reasons which may be said to amount to demonstration, that she cannot hopefully play the leading part in the near military future of Europe, and knows this well enough not to attempt it; we must fix our attention on Austria, or Russia, or both together, as the real cause of German uneasiness, that uneasiness which of late took the alarming form of preparing to crush utterly out of France the power of future combinations with other great States, and so exclude her from the problem of the military future of Germany. If this feeling be genuine and unfeigned, that is, if Germany has really any possible foe she counts menacing to her newly won greatness, that foe cannot be found in France, much less in the smaller independent States. It must be sought, therefore, in the two great empires that border her to the south and east. We will look at each of these a little in detail, to discover, if we can, how far such anxiety may be justified.

The supposed danger can hardly come from Austria. She knows so well her want of that unity against which she would

have to contend; her statesmen are so fully aware of the internal difficulties that would arise upon the rear of her armies if a single-handed contest with Germany were forced upon her; her whole political administration is not merely severed into two co-equal jealous parts by that dual system which is the charter of her modern life, but so complex, slow and feeble as compared to that of the German empire; that these facts alone, which are too patent to be ignored at home or abroad, would be sufficient guarantees for her quietude if not absolutely attacked by her formidable neighbour. Above all, eight millions of her motley population, the most intelligent, active, and wealthy of the races that make up Austro-Hungary, would give their sympathies wholly to her foe, if Vienna broke with Berlin to-morrow. Most real would be Austria's danger then, with her Teutonic population absolutely hostile, her Czechs coldly disposed towards the centralizing monarchy, and the Serbs and Croats ready to turn at any time against an administration which is in their eyes the instrument of the oppression of their own races by the Magyar. In fact such a war would be dangerous in any case to the house of Hapsburg, and defeat would seriously imperil its crown. But all this is on the supposition that Austria has or soon will have equal military means to those of Germany for such a conflict. This, however, is very far from being the case, as a brief comparison will show. Of the year's class of young men available for the conscription, which is within a few thousands of the number reckoned on in Germany, she allots to regular training for the three years' service but 95,000, whilst Germany sets apart, including substitutes for possible absentees, 130,000. It follows that those fully qualified and yet passed over in Austria, although enrolled ostensibly in the Landwehr, rather weaken than reinforce that arm of the service; at least according to the modern view of military organization, which makes the militiaman date his efficiency only from the completion of his service in the line. In men, at any rate, it is clear that Austria can as little hope to rival Germany numerically, as to match her inferior races with the hardy peasants of Pomerania and Brandenburg. But men, as all the world has lately learnt by patent examples, do not decide a great war speedily unless sent into the field well organized, and found in every necessary. To prepare and maintain the equipments required for war during years of peace is

a duty entailing much of the regular annual military expenditure of great nations: and hence their average outlay, taking prices as nearly equal, affords a rough test of their desire to be ready for the least emergency. Now in proportion to her income, Austria is at present by far the most economical of the great powers of the Continent. For whilst Germany is spending twenty-six per cent of the national receipts on her armaments, France thirty, and Russia no less than thirty-six per cent, Austria is content with an outlay of less than twenty per cent. And this at a time when Germany is known to have relieved her own exchequer of all the direct expenses of fortifications, military railroads, and re-armaments by the use of the French indemnity.

There could be no more patent proof than this hard pecuniary fact, that Austria does not intend to maintain the race for power with her ancient rival by force of arms. She is weaker now, she admits; and each year that sees her numbers of reserve men so much less than those of Germany, and her military administration so much cheaper, must evidently put it more and more out of her power to engage her neighbour on equal terms. Austrians know this, and naturally chafe at it. Indeed, the very figures we are following are taken from an Austrian authority. But what they know and feel so keenly is of course not less known at Berlin. And it follows that it cannot be Austria which is the object of secret national dread in Germany; unless, indeed, her power be viewed as subsidiary to some more dangerous adversary. But this is not to be sought in France at present. An alliance between these two unaided from elsewhere could hardly have terrors just yet for the great power that has humbled each successively; even did their natural antagonism of sentiment and interests allow them to prepare secretly for a common revenge, which the common foe would assuredly anticipate by striking before either was ready.

Hitherto we have been but clearing the ground. It has been our object to show that there is but one power left in Europe which Germany has any cause to fear; that formidable Muscovite empire, in attempting to subdue which at the height of his power, Napoleon spent all his strength in vain, and prepared his own ruin in the strain of the effort. Of course it is easy to protest roundly that Germany may be trusted not to repeat his crimes or his errors. History, however, cannot be fore-

cast in this easy strain. All that is certain on this subject is, that the great motive powers which make for war—ambition, distrust, dislike, envy of each other's greatness, and clashing interests—are busily astir in both these empires. German officers—a caste more powerful in their land at present than any caste at all has been in any great country for centuries—avow it to be their next duty to the fatherland to chastise the Muscovite pride. On their side, all the better class of Russians, the strictly German party only excepted, never cease to declare, at home and abroad, their strong conviction that the new empire will sooner or later fasten a quarrel on the old. The heir of all the Russias is openly zealous in fostering the national feelings, which include hatred of Prussians and Prussianizing institutions as a cardinal point in their creed. The revolutionary change that has come over war by means of steam and telegraph, has deprived Russia, as wise old Prince Paskievitch pointed out on his death-bed, of that vast strength against the aggressor which her wide territory gave, when each autumn and spring turned her highways into what Napoleon, in despair of using victory by pursuit, termed “her fifth element” of mud. Russia indeed remaining as she is, her standing army little larger numerically than that of her neighbor, and inferior in every other condition that brings victory, would be an almost certain prey to German attack. But Russia does not intend so to remain. From the peasant to the czar her people all have the conviction that sacrifice and exertion are necessary to give back to their beloved empire the military primacy she claimed under Alexander I. and Nicholas. They are resolved to undergo whatever is necessary for this end. The schemes of reorganization prepared, and now accepted as law, are as vast and far-reaching as the most ambitious Muscovite could possibly desire. They are spurred on, too, by the belief that it is but one old man's uncertain life that preserves the present condition of things, in which personal friendship and certain limited material interests overbear national sentiment and dreams of future supremacy. And it is the full knowledge of these schemes, and of the possible effect of their accomplishment on Germany, which keeps the weary brains at Berlin in a state of tension, and in turn makes Europe, apparently with no just cause, anxious lest her peace should be suddenly and violently broken.

As the military projects of Russia are not only more vast in outline, but more complicated in detail than the organization of any of the powers she would outshine, we shall but sketch them in outline, premising that what we know only in the general, is closely studied and thoroughly understood at Berlin, where knowledge on such heads is drawn from long practice, and quickened in this instance by the instinct of self-preservation. Our particulars, we may here say, come to us mainly through Austrian sources; and in this peculiar part of military science, known as logistics, or the study of the military resources of nations, the war-bureau of Vienna, raised to a high pitch of knowledge under the *régime* of Baron Kuhn, is secondary only to that over which Count Moltke presides.

The nominal peace strength of the Russian army has been hitherto estimated at about 800,000 men. But it has long been known that for offensive service in Europe large deductions would have to be made from these numbers for such hitherto wholly sedentary troops as the numerous garrison and other local battalions, and of course for the mixed contingents maintained for Asian service, which would be as little available for action on the side of Germany, as is our Punjaub frontier force for an expedition to Spain. An army of 600,000 men with the colours, backed by a dispersed and untrained body of reserve, has been therefore declared by the ablest statisticians of both Berlin and Vienna to be the very utmost that the Muscovite empire could hitherto dispose of for field operations in a European war. For although it was known that each year's contingent drawn, even before the new law of universal service, must yield a large surplus of nominal recruits; yet these were believed to be left undrilled, and mainly registered as generally available for call in war, not being even required to remain in their own districts, but being liable to be summoned to the nearest *dépôt* in time of war. Now the essence of the great change lately made in the laws of the empire is not merely to extend military liability to all classes, but to shorten greatly the duration of its length. Instead of the soldier being with the colours from seven to ten years, as before, he is to remain no more than six in any case, the bulk of the line only four, and large portions, under special conditions, for much shorter periods. Recent calculations in a Russian military journal prove that, when the law comes into full work-

ing, the yearly contingent taken into the ranks will be just double the old standard, and the number of trained men passed out yearly into the reserve for call to the ranks in war will be at least three-fold what it has ever hitherto been, even when the *cadres* were kept at the lowest by the premature discharge of men for economy's sake.

It has, of course, naturally occurred to the Russian staff, as one of its chief obstacles, that the *cadres* hitherto existing, the officers of which are notoriously many of them lacking in the power of instructing others, are not equal to the task of training the whole mass of recruits to be thus suddenly brought in. A great part of this duty is, therefore, to be assigned to the so-called "local" and "garrison" battalions, the whole form and functions of which are to be modified with a view mainly to this end. Their *cadres* of officers are being enlarged, so that with an addition made on mobilization of reserve officers (whose commissions may be held by mercantile or professional men) each battalion can be at once formed into four, whilst in peace it can act as a training-school. But at the first sound of war, the functions of the two classes mentioned separate. The local battalions, becoming local regiments, are to undertake the whole care of internal order. The garrison battalions, each calling up reserve men to complete it to the strength of a war regiment of four battalions, are to be ready to act as a second line to the field army proper, performing, in fact, very much the same functions as the German Landwehr did so efficiently in France in the late war. It is calculated that the twenty-nine garrison battalions now maintained can thus be made to add nearly one hundred and twenty, at a few weeks' notice, to the effective forces moved to meet the enemy.

Another step of great importance, is to change and enlarge the regimental *cadres* of the guards and line, so as to provide that each one on moving may leave a *dépôt* battalion behind it, which is to be completed and maintained constantly, after mobilization, at a strength of a thousand men, and is specially charged with supplying the losses suffered by the regiment in the field. As there are stated to be one hundred and ninety-nine regiments on the Russian list, the new scheme provides in round numbers two hundred of such battalions, being a further addition to the fighting forces of the nation in time of war; though not intended in this case to

imitate the garrison regiments, and take active service in the field as distinct units, but to send their men on in detachments.

But these two new creations will soon be found insufficient to absorb the rapidly growing lists of reserve men. At the end of fifteen years' working of the law, it has been calculated there will be a surplus of at least a quarter of a million soldiers passed through the ranks with varying length of service (in very special cases this may be contracted even to three months) for whom no room is found in active or local *dépôt* forces. Provision is therefore made in the scheme for the formation of independent reserve battalions to specially include this surplus; and it is calculated that these, with the other additions already noticed, but exclusive of the local regiments (which are supposed not to move even in case of war), will add a round half million to the regular field army. But as this is itself, on the new footing proposed, placed at the estimated strength of a clear million and a half, it follows that when Russia has carried out her projects to completion, she will be able to summon under arms at the sound of war no less than two millions of effective trained soldiers, besides garrisoning her soil with others for domestic purposes, and adding to them in case of invasion, a Landsturm of very formidable dimensions. Of this last body it must be noticed that the four youngest classes are liable to prolonged service at home in case of war. The force is to occupy a position as to efficiency midway, in theory at least, between the Prussian Landwehr and Landsturm, comprising all reserve men from the fifteenth to the twentieth year of their service, mixed with those who have escaped the training, though declared efficient for it. The statistical calculation is that the four years' classes liable will average 300,000 men each, and with all possible deductions 250,000; so that Russia is deliberately providing a third million of men to be called out as her home defensive army in support of the two millions to be arrayed directly against the enemy. And the law finally provides that all the remaining men of this *Opoltsheni*, or Landsturm, are to be enrolled and armed locally in case of war in such small bodies as may cause least inconvenience. Their numbers, at the end of the first fifteen years, are variously estimated, but by no one at less than two millions; completing the actual armed forces of all kinds, therefore, to a grand total of five millions of men at the least.

Now grand totals in military matters are notoriously deceptive. M. Thiers has somewhere gone so far as to assert as the result of his own study of archives, that if no commander-in-chief ever yet credited himself with the full number of men at his disposal, no war-office ever made proper deductions from that it believes itself able to put into the field. In the case of Russia such deductions must be very great. Want of good officers for instruction; want of honest administrative means for working so vast a machine; want of funds and stores at the decisive moment for equipping the reserves, to say nothing of the million and a half of field troops: all these will tend to cut the effective down. Still when every possible allowance is made, no one need be surprised that Russia's neighbour looks anxiously at her plan of reorganization; nor that those who believe most firmly in her pacific intentions discern in the wide outlines of such a scheme the fixed resolution of a mighty nation to place its military power once more on such an unquestioned footing that it shall at least have no cause to be uneasy at that neighbour's triumphs.

Such being Russia's resolve, as shown by council and action, should it make Germany tremble for her security? It is in asking this that we approach the problem we have set ourselves to discuss without pretending to literally solve. And the first answer is that if Russia and Germany alone stood face to face, the latter would neither feel, nor have serious cause to feel, the uneasiness she is reproached with. Her organization is so perfect, that at the word her peace army of 400,000 men may be trebled, including a second line of half a million soldiers, as well trained as the 700,000 that would move before them. The new Landsturm law is able—and is intended, as we have lately learnt—to provide her with 240 additional battalions, formed of men all in the prime of life, and hardly behind the Landwehr in any respect except as to supply of officers. Her war equipment is complete for every emergency beyond any other that empire ever had at command. Her staff is the most highly trained in the world's history; and if the body of officers it controls are not the men of science they are popularly imagined, they are within the strict limit of their profession more efficient than any power has possessed since Rome conquered the world. If she has no leader yet named specially as fit to wear the mantle of the veteran whom age must soon unfit for the duties of the field,

the system he will bequeath is so perfect in its working that it can afford to dispense with the aid of specially great genius.

Russia might, therefore, be allowed to complete at leisure her ambitious scheme of military grandeur, and her reconstructed army would still, as we hold certain, if marched to invade her neighbour, march to defeat as decisive as overtook Benedek or Bazaine. Stubborn and strong as the Russian soldiers are, the same want of intelligence in the men, and of good leading in the officers, that sacrificed them in thousands to a handful of French and British troops at Inkerman, would be found fatal to them when opposed to the nimble tactics and skilful handling which, in peace as well as war, are made part of the education of the German army. But slightly superior in gross numbers, and barely equal in physical strength and endurance, the Muscovite would enter on the duel against the Teuton with every other condition of victory against him. It is our conviction that if this struggle came, we should see peace dictated at Moscow on German terms as certainly as we have seen it prescribed at Vienna and Paris. More than this: those who guide German military thought are perfectly conscious of their present superiority, and of the fact that no effort of Russia for a generation to come will suffice to give her, acting unaided, the power to shake it. It is not the vision of grappling with Russia alone that gives to Berlin statesmen and strategists an attitude of uneasiness, reflected in the mind of the nation that is ready to rally round them, and threatening from time to time to turn the armed camp which Europe has become, into the theatre of new campaigns. The real problem of Germany's military future lies in the dangerous contingency of her having to encounter a powerful enemy on either flank; in plain words, to meet the double attack of France and Russia leagued against her.

It is for this dread ordeal the new empire is deliberately preparing. Blind must he be to the military signs of the times who believes that the enormous chain of fortresses along the Rhine and Moselle on which so much of the French indemnity is being spent, is framed with a view to making a fresh entrance into France more easy. The German army if again called on to advance on Paris would literally desire nothing better than a fair field and no favour. Cologne, Mayence, and Strasbourg would no doubt, in such event, prove useful depôts for the advancing

forces; but they would be quite as useful if left open as though girt with impregnable works. Fortresses, like other strictly defensive means for war, are intended to aid the weaker party, not that which is unquestionably the stronger. And the true use of this mighty barrier can evidently only be found if Germany be unexpectedly called for the time to act strictly on the defensive against a French invasion. But such an invasion could only be hopefully made, such a defensive attitude only be adopted, if the striking-power of Germany be for the time summoned away to meet a great danger elsewhere. This danger lies in the possible simultaneous assault from the east by Russia, whilst France does her share on the Rhine; and it is to ward off such a double attack that the military policy of Berlin is directed. It would be more convenient, much cheaper, and would incur far less material risk to settle conclusively with France now, and so thoroughly reduce her power that Russia could no longer count on her for serious aid. But the instinct of the czar and his people, we may add too the whole sentiment of Europe, were promptly exercised last May, to hinder an act of policy, which, however its true scope and intent was concealed, could only have been carried out by such a stretch of ruthless injustice and violence as would have matched the most violent deeds of Napoleon in the summit of his power. Almost at the last moment those who had counselled the deed seemed to recoil from its execution. The fate of Europe was for the time in the balance, just as in old days when the ambitious Corsican was meditating the ruin of some already weakened neighbour. But Prince Bismarck, happily for the world, though so far yielding to his country's weaknesses as to wear the uniform of a major-general of militia, is at heart never easy when military advisers are most listened to; and there can be little doubt that his voice was finally given in favour of the peace which the czar crossed Europe to insist on. So the danger to France was averted for the while. But this tranquillity allowed her, is of itself no doubt assigned as cause more pressing for urging on to completion the barrier against which her army, even were the field elsewhere open, might spend its strength in vain. Regarded thus, as directed against a double foe—the one enemy to be crushed by active operations, whilst the other is held in check by fortresses and such troops of the second line as the new Landsturm—the military pol-

icy of Berlin, which pays such devoted attention to the western frontier of the empire, whilst the eastern is left, as it were, open between Warsaw and Berlin, is simple, explicable, and just. As against France alone, or Russia alone, such care mixed with such seeming carelessness would be worthy of the most shortsighted instead of the profoundest of administrations.

That the double contest thus prepared for will ever come in our day, or what its issue should it come, are questions no prudent man would pretend to give absolute answers to. To forecast the future of politics is notoriously impossible, of war between untried antagonists very difficult. All that it is safe to assert is that, unless thoroughly reformed, as well as largely augmented, the Russian army would be shattered by the Germans: and that the French, however well reorganized, should accomplish the march to Berlin, which would naturally be attempted, could only be possible after long delay before the frontier fortresses, or by passing between them at so great an apparent risk as, strategically speaking, would require the highest military genius to conceive and carry out the plan with any hope of success. The works that are to protect Germany will be completed and armed, and the reserves to fill and cover them be organized, long before the Russian scheme of future military grandeur, and the French dreams of vengeance through reorganization, are carried into practical effect. And then, when each of these three powers has done all it would desire to do, the probabilities of success seem still to lie on the side of the empire which is central in situation, united in heart, and coolly and skilfully prepared for the event. Were we compelled to prophesy, we should not hesitate to say that Germany's chances, viewed thus distantly, seem to weigh down those of her supposed adversaries, who could not possibly rely on the union and promptitude of action with which they would certainly be met.

There is one important contingency remaining to be noticed. We have said nothing in all this of Austria and her slow yet heavy sword. She would probably occupy both in politics, and in the strictly military features of the situation, an attitude marvellously like that she assumed when France, under Napoleon, sixty years since, recovering for the moment from the Moscow disaster, attacked Prussia and Russia united. Once more her army, too serious an instrument to be overlooked, would be gathered—as in 1813, or again in

1853, in the Russo-Turkish struggle for the Danube — on the flank of the combatant powers, ready to come in and turn the scale which way she chose. Does it follow that she would readily join the league formed avowedly to humiliate in turn her own humiliator? Does it follow even that indecision would once more keep her in suspicious neutrality, ready to strike in and complete the ruin of Germany at the first sounds of disaster or even check of those legions that had hitherto known nothing but unbroken success? Far from it, as we believe. Happily for the world's peace, however feared and disliked Germany and her chancellor may be, there is little, as has been already briefly shown, in the sentiment towards them to recall the deadly hatred raised by the first empire. Russia can feel none of this. Austria certainly does not feel it as yet. It would require a repetition of Napoleon's mistakes to raise against Germany's rulers a new war of independence. Happy they, if by avoiding such crimes as that too lightly meditated three months since, they seek the truest protection of the newly-formed empire in such a just and moderate policy as shall find them friends in peace, and take from the unnatural alliance they dread all the reasonable excuse which would sanction and strengthen it with the approval of the world.

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From The Spectator.

THE LIFE AND JOURNALS OF JOHN WESLEY.\*

SOUTHEY'S "Life of Wesley" is one of the most interesting biographies in the language. It is the work of a thoroughly honest man, of a great master of English, and of a writer who, as far as conscientious diligence could make him, was well acquainted with his subject. There was much, however, in the extraordinary movement which owed its origin to Wesley with which Southey was scarcely competent to deal, and we meet sometimes with observations curiously inconsistent with the author's character as an orthodox Christian and sound Churchman. But the "Life" loses nothing of its charm from faults like these; and Coleridge, who in his notes on the work pointed out Southey's errors of judgment, has declared that the volumes were oftener in his hands than

any other in his "ragged book-regiment." "How many and many an hour of self-oblivion," he adds, "do I owe to this 'Life of Wesley'; and how often have I argued with it, questioned, remonstrated, been peevish, and asked pardon — then again listened, and cried, 'Right!' 'Excellent!' — and in yet heavier hours entreated it, as it were, to continue talking to me — for that I heard and listened, and was soothed, though I could make no reply."

Wesley's remarkable career, and the marvellous work which he achieved, have afforded a fruitful field of discussion from his own day to the present. He was a dogmatist, a controversialist, a theologian of untiring energy, who loved his least-important opinion better than his best friend; a man of undaunted courage, of acute though not of profound intellect; an enthusiast, as every man must be who achieves great results in the face of great opposition; and he possessed the power, common to all born rulers, of attracting every one who came within his influence. As an orator he was surpassed by Whitefield, but in intellectual strength, in breadth of culture, in administrative skill, Wesley was beyond comparison superior to his friend. In any department of life demanding vast energy and organizing power Wesley would have achieved success, and though his chief gifts lay in action, there are indications that he might, had he pleased, have attained a considerable reputation as a man of letters. Methodism, it may be observed, has produced no literature of abiding value. A few of Charles Wesley's hymns take rank, indeed, with the best in the language, and are likely to form a permanent portion of our hymnody, but beyond these we know of nothing amidst the vast number of publications issued by this body which has an interest for readers who do not belong to it. Books of a devotional character have been issued from the Methodist press by hundreds and by thousands, and are probably read by Wesleyans; but even of books like these we do not know one which, like the "Holy Living" of Taylor, the "Saint's Rest" of Baxter, or the splendid allegory of Bunyan, has obtained universal recognition. Wesley himself was a prolific writer. He appears always to have had some work on hand, and what he began he was certain to complete. Although during a great part of his life he travelled from four to five thousand miles yearly on horseback or in a carriage, and generally preached twice every day, his brain and pen were far from idle. He made use of

\* *The Works of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.* Vols. 1-4, "The Journal." John Mason.

the minutes most of us are apt to lose, and his works, it is needless to say, fill many volumes. Six of these (in the edition of 1813) are occupied by the "Journal," which forms a curious medley of spiritual experiences, marvellous and amusing incidents, and personal statements, which, when put together, supply a lifelike picture of the writer. How, amidst his innumerable occupations, he could find time to write such a record of his public and private career, it is difficult to say; but Wesley's whole course was one of conflict and of triumph over circumstances, and he exemplified the noble saying of Shakespeare that "in the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men." The "Journal," although the most readable of Wesley's writings, is, we suspect, not often read in the present day. It exhibits Wesley under a variety of aspects — his constant eagerness to gain knowledge, a feature of character in which he resembled Dr. Johnson, his sagacity in ordinary affairs, his amazing and growing credulity with regard to spiritual phenomena, his keen observation, his cheerful disposition and physical activity, which prevented him from brooding over griefs that would have given sleepless nights to more sensitive men, his curious lack of reticence, his unflinching confidence in his own judgment, — all these traits stand out prominently in the "Journal," and will partly amuse and partly irritate the reader. Moreover, this curious book affords much information with regard to the manners of the age, and it is no small boon to obtain this information from a writer who is always accurate in his statements, save when, as in his account of the Moravians, his violent prejudices get the better of his honesty. To notice such a work adequately would occupy far more space than is now at our disposal, but it may be worth while, by the help of it, to look at one phase of Wesley's character, — his activity as a man of letters.

Unlike some religious enthusiasts, who treat all human learning as dross, Wesley valued highly the advantages he had gained from a university training. At college he became eminent in logic, and no man, according to his biographer, was ever more dexterous in the art of reasoning; he gave great attention to mathematics, studied Hebrew and Arabic, and laid out a plan of study which, if it were not strictly followed, showed at least the extent of his ambition. For a time, indeed, in the first warmth of religious zeal, his fanaticism overpowered his judgment,

and during his voyage to Virginia, in which, by the way, he learnt German, he wrote to his brother Samuel begging him to banish all such poison from his school as the classics which were usually read there; but this feeling was not lasting, and notwithstanding the incessant whirl of his after-life, he never wholly neglected the great writers of Greece and Rome. In his old age he writes: — "I saw the Westminster scholars act the '*Adelphi*' of Terence, an entertainment not unworthy of a Christian. O how do these heathens shame us! Their very comedies contain both excellent sense, the liveliest pictures of men and manners, and so fine strokes of genuine morality as are seldom found in the writings of Christians." He relates, among similar exploits, how, in riding to Newcastle, he finished the Tenth Iliad of Homer, and was struck not only by the writer's "amazing genius," but by the "vein of piety" that runs through his whole work. Another day he read over, whilst riding, a great part of the Odyssey, and expresses for it the highest admiration. To read Greek on horseback must have taxed even Wesley's eyes, but so accustomed was he to reading in that position, that he tells us he generally kept history, poetry, and philosophy for such occasions, "having other employment at other times." "Near thirty years ago, I was thinking," he writes, "how is it that no horse ever stumbled while I am reading? No account can possibly be given but this: — Because then I throw the reins on his neck. I then set myself to observe, and I aver that in riding about a hundred thousand miles I scarce ever remembered any horse (except two, that would fall head over heels any way) to fall or make a considerable stumble, which I rode with a slack rein. To fancy, therefore, that a tight reign prevents stumbling is a capital blunder. I have repeated the trial more frequently than most men in the kingdom can do. A slack rein will prevent stumbling, if anything will. But in some horses nothing can."

Wesley was an omnivorous reader. Nothing came amiss to him. He reads Hay "On Deformity," and remarks that it is, perhaps, one of the prettiest trifles extant in the English tongue; he reads in his "scraps of time" Commodore Byron's narrative, and deems "that no novel in the world can be more affecting or more surprising than this history;" he takes up "casually" Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and finds fault with the title as well as the book itself. "*Sentimental*, what

is that? It is not English! He might as well say *Continental*. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea, yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one! However, the book agrees full well with the title, for one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness, and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose the writer is without a rival." Among other strange books, he records his perusal of Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," and of the "Life of Baron Trenck," which he styles a most dangerous book, adding, "I wish none that cares for his soul would read a page of it." Are any of our readers acquainted with the Rev. P. Skelton's works? If so, they will hardly accept Wesley's judgment that "he showed all the wit of Dr. Swift, joined with ten times his judgment." Indeed, Wesley has not a word to say in favour of Swift, and in another entry in the "Journal" he observes, "In my way, I looked over a volume of Dr. Swift's 'Letters.' I was amazed. Was ever such trash palmed upon the world under the name of a great man? More than half of what is contained in these sixteen volumes would be dear at twopence a volume, being all, and more than all, the dull things which that witty man ever said." There is more truth, perhaps, in his estimate of Lord Chesterfield, whom he describes, after reading his "Letters," as "a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning, but as absolutely void of virtue as any Jew, Turk, or heathen that ever lived." He is often severe in his comments. Smollett had misrepresented the Methodists, and his critic asks whether a man of reason will give credit to any fact upon his authority. After reading Warner's "History of Ireland" with "calm deliberation," he writes: "I do not believe one leaf of it is true from the beginning to the end." He compares Pennant's "Tour through Scotland" with Dr. Johnson's, and wonders that Pennant, a man of sense and learning, should write bad English in almost every page; he complains of Robertson's "intolerable prolixity," and regards Swedenborg as an entertaining madman. Rousseau is styled a "consummate coxcomb," and Voltaire's "*Henriade*" convinces him that "French is the poorest, meanest language in Europe," and that it is "as impossible to write a fine poem in French as to make fine music upon a jew's-harp."

Wesley seems to have read a great deal of poetry, and his critical judgment will

frequently sound strange in modern ears. We do not remember any allusion to Shakespeare, but he considered "Douglas," "the play which has made so much noise," one of the finest tragedies he ever read. Blackmore's "Prince Arthur," he termed "by no means equal to his poem on the Creation, in which are many admirably fine strokes." (Alas for fame! what do modern readers know of these fine strokes?) The comment on Beattie is amusing: "Certainly one of the best poets of the age. He wants only the ease and simplicity of Mr. Pope; I know one, and only one, that has it." This, no doubt, was his brother Charles, for whose poetical abilities John had the highest value. In reading that "pretty trifle," the "Life of Mrs. Bellamy," whom he terms a lively and elegant writer, he finds an anecdote about Garrick, who, it is said, flung overboard a parcel given him before making a voyage, on finding that it contained "Wesley's Hymns." "I cannot believe it," writes the elder brother; "I think Mr. G. has more sense. He knew my brother well, and he knew him to be not only far superior in learning, but in poetry, to Mr. Thomson and all his theatrical writers put together. None of them can equal him either in strong, nervous sense, or purity and elegance of language." Wesley had a mean opinion of Thomson, but on reading his tragedy of "Edward and Eleanora" he was agreeably surprised. "The plot," he writes, "is conducted with the utmost art, and wrought off in the most surprising manner. It is quite his masterpiece, and I really think might vie with any modern performance of the kind." But of all the imaginative writers of that century, he praised Prior the most highly, considered his "Solomon" one of the sublimest poems in the language, and seemed quite oblivious to Prior's naughtinesses as an amateur poet. Perhaps he agreed with Dr. Johnson, that "Prior's is a lady's book."

Like Dr. Watts, Wesley was willing to work for children, for whom he entertained a liking that affected his theology. "Who can believe," he writes, "that these pretty little creatures have 'the wrath of God abiding on them'?" He wrote for his school at Kingswood a short French grammar, revised Kennet's "Antiquities" and Potter's "Grecian Antiquities" — "a dry, dull, heavy book" — prepared a history of England and a short Roman history, and several other school-books. On the whole, considering the kind of life he led, the amount of literary

work accomplished by Wesley is marvellous. But he was blessed in no common measure with a vigorous mind and a strong body. The man who, at eighty-two, could write that many years had past since he had felt any such thing as weariness, might well be capable of achievements which astonish persons endowed with ordinary constitutions.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
FOOTBALL.

BY AN OBSERVANT FOREIGNER.

THERE was a time when I regarded Poland as a land of patriotic heroes; but after living for a few months among the Hebrews of Warsaw, I began to see reasons for altering my opinion. At another period of my life I looked upon Italy, from a distance, as the abode of sunshine, art, and pleasure; but after living among brigands for nearly three weeks, I returned to my native France a wiser although a poorer man. I had discovered that hearsay, unless softened down by the admixture of a large grain of salt, should not be taken as truth, and that what is ordinarily called romance, resolves itself, upon actual acquaintance, into the least attractive forms of villainy, immorality, extortion, and dirt. Although my eyes had thus been on two occasions opened by a process of painful experience, I could not altogether rid myself of an idea that Utopia existed somewhere or other for me; and where should it await me, I asked, if not in merry England. So I determined to explore the mysteries of England. We steamed up the Thames in a fog, thickened by the melancholy gloom of ubiquitous smoke, and broken in one place by a dull red spot, which, I was informed, denoted the place where the island sun ought to be. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was nearly dark; and along the riverside the gas-lamps were already lighted, when I went ashore and waited until my baggage was hurled pell-mell upon the quay. After certain formalities had been gone through, I drove to the house of an English friend in Kensington, and soon had the pleasure of finding myself in one of the much-vaunted "sweet homes" of England. Ah! there are carpets everywhere, and gas and water upon every floor. And there are great, guillotine-like windows opening on to balconies covered with pots of smoky flowers. Inside, every-

thing has its covering or ornament. The pianoforte is surmounted by a mat, on which rests a bust of some German composer; and the chairs and lounges are clothed with lace. In the fireplace is a fire hot enough to roast a cow; and at its side are three steel utensils, which remind me of instruments of torture; and a coal-scuttle of the size of a bath.

But these things must not delay me, for my host, knowing that I have come to explore, has suggested that we go to see a football match on the afternoon of the next day, which is Saturday.

Saturday afternoon is, it appears, the great holiday of the English nation. Most of the shops are closed, many of the theatres are open, and amusement becomes the sole aim of the people whom the first Napoleon called "a nation of shop-keepers."

At one o'clock my friend and I set out for Clapham, where the football match is to be played. We go by train. My friend, by the way, tells me that football is a national pastime, and that it is universal throughout the country. It is, he says, as popular, or more so than cricket. Although it is damp and cold, I feel myself elated at the prospect of seeing the sport, especially as in the compartment with us are two fair-haired young men, who, I am informed, are going to take part in the game. They wear thick scarlet stockings of woollen, and knickerbockers of white flannel. Above, they are enveloped in a short, heavy coat. They have no cravats, and on their heads they have small caps of scarlet velvet with tassels of silver. One of them carries a large ball of leather, not just quite round, and which seems very hard, but is wonderfully light. They are good enough to allow me to examine it. I discover that it is tightly laced up with leather thongs over an inner case of india-rubber, which, I am told, is inflated by the breath until it becomes very hard.

At Clapham Junction we alight, and proceed to the common, a large open space covered with turf, on which are a few trees. The situation is picturesque, and there is a pleasant breeze; but the air is damp, and there is much fog.

A certain space having been marked out by small flags, two tall poles are erected at both ends of the course, and between them is stretched a piece of tape at a height from the ground of four or five mètres. The length of the course is about one hundred and twenty mètres, and its breadth about eighty. The object

of the game is to send the ball between the two posts at the end of the ground possessed by the enemy.

There are many people on the common, and it appears that more than one match is about to be played. All the players have not yet arrived; so I walk about with my friend to keep myself warm. At a stall is a man who sells hot coffee and ices. The mixture is curious, but the man is not alarmed, and beats his chest with his hands, in order to warm himself, for the wind is brisk in the centre of the common.

Suddenly there is a shout, and the players, who have all arrived while I have been drinking my cup of execrable coffee, divest themselves of their coats, and allow me to see that their bodies are covered by thick, close-fitting "jerseys." I also notice that all the young men wear heavy boots. The game is about to commence.

On each side the players arrange themselves in front of the two tall poles, which my friend tells me are called the "goals." The members of one party wear scarlet jerseys, caps, and stockings; those of the other, blue. The effect is enchanting, for each one is strong, and has his biceps well developed. The leader of the "blues" advances to the centre of the course with the ball, and with his heel makes an indentation in the ground, in which he places the inflated leather. Then he looks back, to see that his followers are prepared, and gives some directions, which the force of the breeze prevents my hearing. In the meantime, we, the spectators, retire a short distance, and wait.

When his men are all satisfactorily arranged, the leader of the "blues" steps back a few paces, and then, quickly running forward, deals the ball a blow with his foot, which sends it high in the air in the direction of the "reds." At the same moment the "reds" run toward him with a shout, and one of them catches the ball in his arms. I am growing interested! Football is a noble sport! The "red" who has seized the ball places it under his right arm, and charges towards the "blues" with great precipitation, followed by nearly the whole of his comrades, who upset all the "blues" with whom they meet. But, alas! my champion has been caught by a "blue," who with great dexterity has seized him by the jersey, and caused him to perform a pirouette, which ends in his fall on the ground. Horror! the jersey is torn, and the courageous player lies on his bare back under a

mountain of friends and foes, struggling to retain possession of the ball. There are young ladies watching the sport, but they are not perturbed at the spectacle of the torn jersey. They only laugh, and clap their hands with the excitement. And this is English modesty! But the struggle on the ground continues; I can no longer distinguish the forms of the players; they are covered with mud; and of the "red" who held the ball, only his stockings and boots are visible. He will be crushed! But no! I heard him cry plaintively from the midst of the mass, and his comrades disentangle themselves, and aid him to rise. He still holds the ball; and as he rises, he places it between his feet, and with his hands attempts to re-arrange his torn jersey. His comrades on both sides assist him. They are friendly and amiable. Surely they must be very good-tempered. But what is this? The players crowd round the unfortunate "red" once more, supporting each other, while the possessor of the ball places it carefully within the circle formed by their muddy feet. Alas! they will kill each other. What terrible kicks! I can hear them; but I cannot see, for all the players are again, for some moments, mixed in inextricable confusion. I ask my friend if any one is hurt. He tells me coolly that this is only a "hack through," and that no one is very much hurt. Truly these English can suffer.

But now the ball has escaped from the crowd of feet and is rolling across the course towards the goal of the "reds." A "red" seizes it once more in his arms; but he is immediately kicked by a "blue" until he falls and drops it. He is hurt, for there is blood on his lips, and he does not rise. It is horrible! There is a crowd at once, and a comrade goes for water to the coffee-stall. Ah! he is very pale, as he lies there on the grass. I ask my friend if he will die. He says that the "red" has only broken a rib. I think that the "blue" did it, but I am silent, for I am sick. Now the victim is carried away, and the game proceeds as before; but I tell my friend that I have seen sufficient of his national pastime, and that I am ready to return with him to home.

In the train he informs me that in England there are several kinds of football, each played in a different manner. What we have witnessed is the "Rugby game." It is the favourite mode of playing at many places. I am silent, for have not my ideas of the chivalrous nature of sym-

pathetic Englishmen received a rude shock? I had heard that the national pastimes were healthy and invigorating. I am convinced that one of them at least is brutal.

THE THEORY OF SATURN. — M. Le Verrier has given in the *Comptes Rendus* the comparison between his tables of this planet's motion and the observations made at Greenwich for the last hundred and twenty years, and at Paris for the last thirty years. There are peculiar difficulties in the analytical theory arising from the circumstance that numberless small terms of the second order in the expression for the perturbations, instead of destroying each other on the average, as is usually the case, are added together and thus produce by their combination a sensible effect, so that M. Le Verrier has had to carry his approximations to the seventh degree. Not satisfied with this, he has, by considering this solution as merely a first approximation, obtained a rigorous theory, in which the complete expression of each of the terms is obtained, instead of an infinite series, of which only a limited number of terms can be calculated by successive approximations. But, notwithstanding all the pains that M. Le Verrier has taken, there remain discordances between theory and observation which were not found in the case of Jupiter, and, though these are not very large, the result is anything but satisfactory, especially as the Paris observations agree well with those made at Greenwich. In the ancient observations from 1750 to 1827 especially, there are very large outstanding errors, but the most remarkable discordance is shown about 1840, the error of longitude having changed from plus 5s. in 1839 to minus 5s. in 1843, an interval of only four years; whilst the difference between the Paris and Greenwich results nowhere exceeds 2s. The only explanation that M. Le Verrier can suggest is that the presence of the ring may have influenced the observation of the ball of the planet; but so many observers took part in these observations, and the circumstances were so exactly similar during the period in

question, that the explanation cannot be considered very satisfactory, especially as the ring was not in a position to interfere materially with the observation. At the same time the theory of this planet's motion is complicated from the effect of the attraction of its neighbour, Jupiter, giving rise to the well-known inequality of about 49m. either way in the longitude of Saturn in the space of about 918 years, besides oscillations in the eccentricity and node in a period of 70,000 years, and a host of minor inequalities.

But, though the influence of Jupiter on the motion of Saturn is so great, M. Le Verrier has come to the conclusion that the observations at present available are insufficient to determine the mass of the disturbing planet, owing to a peculiar compensation in its effect on the four elements affected by it, this compensation having operated to a great extent throughout the period under consideration, so that the longitude is only slightly affected by an alteration in the mass of Jupiter. M. Le Verrier considers, therefore, that Bouvard's determination of this mass was an instance of reasoning in a vicious circle, and that the close agreement between his result and that deduced from observations of the satellites was simply a consequence of his having used the latter value in his theory, and that he must of necessity have been led round to the same value again. But though nothing can at present be concluded with regard to this point, circumstances will change in course of time, and instead of the effect of Jupiter's mass disappearing it will enter with its full weight, and can then be accurately determined by means of the theory of Saturn. For the present, however, M. Le Verrier considers that the value found by Sir George Airy from measures of Jupiter's fourth satellite is that which should be adopted.

END OF VOLUME CXXVII.



